



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
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Hulett Sculp.



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# P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

*Shakspeare / M /*

BY


*K*

## SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N :

Sold by A. MURDEN, R. NEWTON, T. DAVIDSON, C. ANDERSON, W. NELSON,  
- and S. PATERSON.



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# V E N U S

and

## A D O N I S.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo

Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.

*Ovid. Amor. l. 1. El. 13.*

A

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*To the Right Honourable*

*HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,*

*Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Tichfield.*

*Right Honourable,*

I know not how I shall offend, in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship; nor how the world will censure me, for chusing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

Will. Shakespear.



---

## VENUS and ADONIS.

**E**VEN as the sun, with purple-coloured face,  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase:  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself! (thus she began)  
The fields sweet flower! sweet above compare!  
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!  
More white and red, than doves or roses are!  
Nature, that made thee with herself at strife,  
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder! to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.  
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses.  
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,  
But rather furnish them amid their plenty;  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.  
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
 The president of pith and livelihood,  
 And trembling in her passion calls it balm;  
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.  
     Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,  
     Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
 Under the other was the tender boy,  
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.  
     She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,  
     He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle, on a ragged bough,  
 Nimble she fastens (O how quick is love!)  
 The steed is stalled up, and even now  
 To tie the rider she begins to prove.  
     Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
     And govern'd him in strength, tho' not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:  
     And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
     If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame; she, with her tears,  
 Doth quench the maiden burning of her cheeks:  
 Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs,  
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.  
     He says she is immodest, blames her mis;  
     What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stufft, or prey be gone :  
Even so she kifs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to consent, but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face :  
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,  
And calls it, heavenly moisture ! air of grace !  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies :  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret ;  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.  
Rain added to a river, that is rank,  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats ;  
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale :  
Still he is fullen, still he lowers and frets,  
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale.  
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,  
Her breast is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot chuse but love ;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears ;  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,  
And one sweet kifs shall pay this countles debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper peering thro' a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in :  
So offers he to give what she did crave :

But when his lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks ; and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger, in summer's heat,  
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn ;  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,  
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn.

Oh pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy !  
'Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
Who conquers where he comes in every jar :  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And beg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest ;  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest ;  
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he, that over-rul'd, I over-sway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain :  
Strong temper'd steel, his stronger strength obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her, that foil'd the god of fight !



Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
(Tho' mine be not so fair, yet they are red)  
The kifs shall be thine own as well as mine;  
What seeft thou on the ground? hold up thy head:  
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies,  
Then why not lips on lips, fince eyes on eyes?

Art thou afham'd to kifs? then wink again,  
And I will wink, fo fhall the day feem night,  
Love keeps his revels, where there be but twain;  
Be bold to play, our fport is not in fight.  
These blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,  
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender fpring, upon thy tempting lip,  
Shews thee unripe; yet may'ft thou well be tated:  
Make ufe of time, let not advantage fip,  
Beauty within itfelf would not be wated.  
Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime,  
Rot and confume themfelves in little time.

Were I hard favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,  
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlifh, harfh in voice,  
O'er-worn, defpifed, rheumatic and cold,  
Thick-fighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
Then mightft thou pause, for then I were not for  
But having no defects, why doft abhor me? [thee,

Thou can'ft not fee one wrinkle in my brow,  
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;  
My beauty, as the fpring, doth yearly grow;  
My flefh as foft and plump, my marrow burning;  
My fmoother moift hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
Would in thy palm difsolve, or feem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchant thine ear,  
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;  
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,  
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose-bank, whereon I lie,  
 The forceless flowers, like sturdy trees, support me:  
 Two strengthless loves will draw me thro' the sky  
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.  
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be,  
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
 Then wooe thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.  
 Narcissus so himself, himself forsook,  
 And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:  
 Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth  
 Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty. [beauty;

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
 That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead:  
 And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them ;  
And Titan, tir'd in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them :  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His low'ring brows, o'erwhelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky ;  
Souring his cheeks, cries, fie, no more of love,  
The sun doth burn my face, I must remove.

Ah me ! (quoth Venus) young, and so unkind :  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone ?  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
And, lo, I lie between the sun and thee !  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,  
And, were I not immortal, life were done,  
Between this heav'nly and this earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel ?  
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth :  
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel  
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth ?  
Oh ! had thy mother born so bad a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?  
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
 Speak fair: but speak fair words, or else be mute.  
     Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
     And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead;  
 Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred.  
     Thou art no man, tho' of a man's complexion,  
     For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,  
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause.  
     And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
     And now her sobs do her *intendments* break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand;  
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;  
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound:  
     And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
     She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, faith she, since I have hem'd thee here,  
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
 I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer,  
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale.  
     Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,  
     Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.



Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom grafs, and high delightful plain;  
Round rifing hillocks, brakes obfcure and rough,  
To fhelter thee from tempeft and from rain.

Then be my deer, fince I am fuch a park,  
No dog fhall rouse thee, tho' a thoufand bark.

At this Adonis fmiles, as in difdain,  
That in each cheek appears a pretty-dimple;  
Love made thofe hollows, if himfelf were flain,  
He might be buried in a tomb fo fimple:  
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,  
Why there love liv'd, and there he cou'd not die.

These loving caves, thefe round enchanted pits,  
Open'd their mouths to fwallow Venus liking:  
Being mad before, how doth fhe now for wits?  
Struck dead at firft, what needs a fecond ftriking?  
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
To love a cheek that fmiles at thee with fcorn.

Now which way fhall fhe turn? What fhall fhe fay?  
Her words are done, her woes the more increafing;  
The time is fpent, her object will away,  
And from her twining arms doth urge releafing.  
Pity, fhe cries, fome favour, fome remorse!  
Away he fprings, and hafteth to his horfe.

But, lo! from forth a cops that neighbours by,  
A breeding jennet, lufky, young and proud,  
Adonis' trampling courfer doth efpy,  
And forth fhe rufhes, fnorts, and neighs aloud:  
The ftrong-neck'd fteed, being ty'd unto a tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her ftraight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
 And now his woven girts he breaks asunder;  
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:  
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,  
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane  
 Upon his compass'd crest, now stands an end:  
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again  
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he lend:  
 His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,  
 Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,  
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride:  
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
 As who should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd;  
 And thus I do to captivate the eye  
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
 His flatt'ring holla, or his stand, I say?  
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?  
 For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?  
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
 For nothing else with his proud fight agrees.

Look when a painter wou'd surpass the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
 His art, with nature's workmanship at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed:  
 So did his horse excel a common one,  
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,  
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.

Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;

Anon he starts at stirring of a feather :

To bid the wind abase he now prepares,

And where he run, or fly, they know not whither.

For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,

Fanning the hairs which heave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;

She answers him, as if she knew his mind :

Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,

She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,

Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,

Beating his kind embraces with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,

He veils his tail ; that like a falling plume,

Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent ;

He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume :

His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,

Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His teasty master goes about to take him,

When lo ! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,

Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,

With her the horse, and left Adonis there.

As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,

Out-stripping crows, that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis fits,  
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast.

And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick *Love*, by pleading may be blest.

For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river staid,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :  
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage :  
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind ;  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,  
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ;  
Taking no notice, that she is so nigh,  
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O ! what a sight it was wisely to view  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy ;  
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy !  
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him, as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels :  
His tender cheeks receive her soft hand's print,  
As apt, as new-fallen snow takes any dint.



O! what a war of looks was then between them!  
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;  
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain,  
With tears, which chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band,  
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe!  
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Shew'd like to silver doves, that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:  
O fairest mover on this mortal round!  
Would thou wert, as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole, as thine, thy heart my wound.  
For one sweet look my help I would assure thee,  
Tho' nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it?  
Give me thy heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.  
O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it;  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:  
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go,  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 'tis your fault, I am bereft him so:  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:  
Affection is a coal, that must be cool'd;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;  
Therefore no marvel tho' thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, ty'd to a tree,  
Servilely mastred with a leathern rein !  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain ;  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight?

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy ;  
Tho' I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.  
O ! learn to love, the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;  
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,  
My love to love, is love but to disgrace it ;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.  
The colt that's back'd, and burn'd being young,  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing: let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,  
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry;  
For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry.

What! can'st thou talk? (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?  
O! would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing.  
Melodious discord! heavenly tune harsh-sounding!  
Earth's deep sweet musick! and heart's deep fore-  
[wounding!]

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty, and invisible:  
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part of me, that were but sensible.  
Tho' neither eyes, nor ears to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of reason were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch;  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much:  
For from the stillatory of thy face excelling,  
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by  
smelling.

But oh! what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!  
 Would they not with the feast should ever last,  
 And bid suspicion double-lock the door;  
     Lest jealousy, that four unwelcome guest,  
     Should by his stealing in disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,  
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;  
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd,  
 Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,  
     Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
     Gust and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,  
 Ev'n as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,  
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;  
     Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
     His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down;  
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:  
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,  
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!  
     The silly boy believing she is dead,  
     Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze brake off his late intent,  
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent,  
 Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her:  
     For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,  
     Till his breath breathed life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt, that his unkindness marr'd;  
    He kisses her, and she, by her good will,  
    Would never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth;  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array,  
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:  
    And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
    So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded, with his brows repine.  
    But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,  
    Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O! where am I! (quoth she) in earth, or heaven!  
Or in the ocean drench'd! or in the fire!  
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?  
Do I delight to die? or life desire?  
    But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy:  
    But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again;  
Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine  
Has taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
    And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
    But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.



Long may they kiss each other for this cure !  
 Oh never let their crimson liveries wear !  
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
 To drive infection from the dangerous year !  
     That the star-gazers having writ on death,  
     May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips ! sweet seals ! in my soft lips imprinted,  
 What bargains may I make still to be sealing ?  
 To sell myself, I can be well contented,  
 So thou wilt buy and pay, and use good dealing :  
     Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,  
     Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,  
 And pay them at thy leisure one by one.  
 What is ten hundred kisses unto thee ?  
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?  
     Say for non-payment that the debt should double,  
     Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Fair queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,  
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,  
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me.  
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears ;  
     The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
     Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west !  
 The owl (night's herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,  
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest :  
     The cole-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,  
     Do summon us to part, and bid good-night.

Now let me say good-night, and so say you :  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.

Good-night (quoth she) and ere he says adieu,  
The honey fee of parting tendred is.

Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace,  
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drowth :  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willet :  
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the prize so high  
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;  
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage :  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back ;  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling ;  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with temp'ring?  
 And yields at last to every light impression?  
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,  
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.

Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,  
 But then woos best, when most his choice is frow-  
 [ard.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over!  
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd:  
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
 What tho' the rose have pricks? yet it is pluck'd:  
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
 Yet love breaks thro', and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart.  
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,  
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart;  
 The which by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
 He carries thence engaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
 Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
 Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?  
 He tells her no: to-morrow he intends  
 To hunt the boar, with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,  
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
 Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,  
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:  
 She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,  
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lifts of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
All is imaginary, she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, altho' he mount her:  
That worse than Tantalus is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw:  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds, that helpless berries saw.  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be.  
She hath assay'd as much, as may be prov'd,  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee:  
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd!  
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go;  
You have no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou hadst been gone (quoth she) sweet boy, ere this,  
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar:  
O! be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is,  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never sheath'd, he wetteth still,  
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow back he hath a battel set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;  
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret,  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes:  
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way;  
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,  
 Are better proof, than thy spear's point can enter;  
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;  
 Being ireful on the lion he will venture.

The thorny brambles, and embracing bushes,  
 As fearful of him, part, thro' whom he rushes.

Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,  
 To which love's eye pays tributary gazes;  
 Nor thy soft hand, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,  
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
 But having thee at 'vantage (wondrous dread!)  
 Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still!  
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.  
 Come not within his danger by thy will;  
 They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends,  
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face! Was it not white?  
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
 Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?  
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
 But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy  
 Doth call himself affection's centinel;  
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, kill, kill;  
 Distempring gentle love with his desire,  
 As air and water doth abate the fire.



This four informer, this bate breeding spy,  
This canker, that eats up love's tender spring,  
'This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring;  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,  
Doth make 'em drop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do? seeing thee so indeed?  
That trembling at th' imagination,  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination.  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare ;  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty;  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy  
[hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch ; to overshut his troubles,  
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,  
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.  
The many umfits thro' the which he goes,  
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,  
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;  
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
 And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:  
 Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,  
 The hot-scent snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
 Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled,  
 With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out,  
 Then do they spend their mouths; echo replies,  
 As if another chase were in the skies.

By this poor *Wat* far off, upon a hill,  
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still:  
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,  
 And now his grief may be compared well  
 To one fore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabled wretch  
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way:  
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.  
 For misery is trodden on by many;  
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly and hear a little more,  
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
 Unlike myself, thou hear'st me moralize,  
 Applying this to that, and so to so;  
 For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave ? No matter where (quoth he)  
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :  
The night is spent. Why, what of that ? (quoth she)  
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends :  
    And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.  
    In night (quoth she) desire fees best of all.

But if thou fall, O! then imagine this,  
'The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys make rich men thieves, so do thy lips  
    Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
    Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason,  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shrine,  
'Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,  
For stealing molds from heaven, that were divine,  
    Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,  
    To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature ;  
    Making it subject to the tyranny  
    Of sad mischances and much misery.

As burning fever, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies woad,  
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :  
    Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
    Swear nature's death, for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,  
But in one minute's sight brings beauty under:  
Both favour, favour, hue and qualities,  
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,  
As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,  
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity,  
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away,  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
Or butcher's fire, that reaves his son of life.  
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;  
But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theam;  
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream.  
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love hath lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.

For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there :

Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.

No, lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger.  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.

You do it for increase ; O strange excuse !

When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name ;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame :

Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after rain ;  
But lust's effect is tempest after sun :  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain :  
Lust's winter comes, ere summer half be done :

Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :

Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lyes.



More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green:  
Therefore in sadness now I will away,  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:  
    Mine ears, that to your wanton calls attended,  
    Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms, which bound him to her breast:  
And homeward thro' the dark lanes runs apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.  
    Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
    So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,  
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:  
    So did the merciless and pitchy night,  
    Fold in the Object, that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood;  
Or stonish'd, as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood:  
    Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
    Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans:  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.  
    Ay me! she cries, and twenty times, woe! woe!  
    And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty:  
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;  
How love is wise in folly, foolish witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe!  
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,  
For lovers hours are long, tho' seeming short:  
If pleas'd themselves, others they think delight  
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport.  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal;  
But idle sounds, resembling parasites?  
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits.  
She said, 'tis so: they answer all, 'tis so,  
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in his majesty:  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:  
O thou clear god, and patron of all light!  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
The beauteous influence, that makes him bright:  
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn :  
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :  
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn ;  
    Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,  
    And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her thigh, to make her stay ;  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
    Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
    Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :  
    Ev'n so the timorous yelping of the hounds,  
    Appals her senses, and her sp'rit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud ;  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :  
    Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
    They all strain curt'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
Thro' which it enters, to surprize her heart ;  
Who overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part :  
    Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield ;  
    They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasy,  
 Till cheering up her senses sore dismaid,  
 She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,  
 And childish error, that they are afraid;  
     Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more:  
 And with that word, she spy'd the hunted boar.

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,  
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
 A second fear thro' all her sinews spread,  
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.  
     This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
     But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,  
 She treads the paths that she untreads again;  
 Her more than haste is marred with delays:  
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
     Full of respect, yet not at all respecting;  
     In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake, she finds an hound,  
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master;  
 And there another licking of his wound,  
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaister:  
     And here she meets another sadly scolding,  
     To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,  
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
 Against the welkin vollies out his voice;  
 Another and another answer him,  
     Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
     Shaking their scracht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd  
 At apparitions, signs and prodigies,  
 Whereon, with fearful eyes, they long have gaz'd,  
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :

So she, at these sad signs, draws up her breath,  
 And sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
 hateful divorce of love (thus chides she death)  
 Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou  
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath? [mean?  
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be!  
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.  
 O! yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.  
 Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,  
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:  
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
 And not death's ebon dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weep-  
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee? [ing?  
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
 Those eyes, that taught all other eyes to see?  
 Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.



Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She veil'd her eye-lids, which like sluices stopp'd  
The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair,  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd.

But thro' the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow:  
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry.

But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain;  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving which should best become her grief:  
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief.

But none is best, then join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off, she hears some huntsman hollow:  
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well.  
The dire imagination she did follow,  
This sound of hope doth labour to expel:  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass:  
Yet sometime falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard believing love! how strange it seems.  
 Not to believe! and yet too credulous!  
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,  
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous!  
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
 With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought,  
 Adonis lives, and death is not to blame:  
 It was not she that call'd him all to nought.  
 Now she adds honour to his hateful name:  
 She 'cleeps him king of graves, and grave for kings,  
 Imperial supreme of mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet death, I did but jest;  
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe.  
 Then gentle shadow (truth I must confess):  
 I rail'd on thee fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue!  
 Be wreak'd on him (invisible commander!)  
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,  
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander.  
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
 Cou'd rule them both without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;  
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
 With death she humbly doth insinuate:  
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,  
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove! quoth she, how much a fool was I,  
To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fye! fye! fond love, thou art so full of fear,  
As one with treasure laden, hem'd with thieves:  
Trifles (unwitnessed with eye or ear)  
Thy coward heart, with false bethinking grieves.  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away she flies:  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight.  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,  
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again:  
So, at his bloody view her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they resign'd their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain:  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again:  
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestions gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,  
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
 Which with cold terrors doth men's minds confound.  
 This mutiny each part doth so surprize,  
 That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight  
 Upon the wide wound, that the boar had trench'd  
 In his soft flank: whose wonted lily white  
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.  
 No flower was nigh, no grafs, herb, leaf, or weed,  
 But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,  
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;  
 Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth;  
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.  
 Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,  
 Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,  
 That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three;  
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be:  
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,  
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one;  
 And yet (quoth she) behold two Adons dead!  
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
 Heavy hearts lead melt at mine eyes as fire,  
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world! what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
Whose tongue is musick now? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,  
But true sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear;  
Nor sun, nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

And there wou'd he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun wou'd peep;  
The wind wou'd blow it off, and being gone,  
Play with his locks, then wou'd Adonis weep:

And straight, in pity of his tender years,  
They both wou'd strive who first shou'd dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walks along  
Behind some hedge, because he wou'd not fear him;  
To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
The tyger wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:  
If he had spoke, the wolf wou'd leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in a brook,  
There fishes spread on it their golden gills:  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.



But this foul, grim, and urchin snouted boar,  
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
 Witness the entertainment that he gave.

If he did see his face, why then I know,  
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was Adonis slain,  
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
 Who wou'd not whet his teeth at him again,  
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there:

And nousing in his flank, the loving swine  
 Sheath'd unaware his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
 With kissing him, I shou'd have kill'd him first:  
 But he is dead, and never did he bless  
 My mouth with his; the more am I accurs'd.

With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
 She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,  
 As if he heard the woful words she told:

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
 Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness lies.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excel'd,  
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect.  
 Wonder of time! (quoth she) this is my spight,  
 That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unfavoury end,  
    Ne'er settled equally to high or low ;  
    That all love's pleasures shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,  
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd  
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile.  
    The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
    Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;  
    It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
    Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;  
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;  
It shall be merciful and too severe,  
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;  
    Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,  
    Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and fire ;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustible matter is to fire.  
    Sith, in his prime, death doth my love destroy,  
    They that love best their love shall not enjoy.

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd,  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up chequer'd with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath :  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is rest from her by death :  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower ! (quoth she) this was thy father's guise,  
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire),  
For every little grief to wet his eyes,  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 'tis thine ; but know it is as good  
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here is my breast,  
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right ;  
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :  
There shall not be one minute of an hour,  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid,  
Their mistress mounted, thro' the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;  
Hold their course to Paphos, where their queen  
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

T A R Q U I N

*and*

L U C R E C E.

---

*To the Right Honourable*

H E N R Y W R I O T H E S L Y,

*Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Tichfield.*

*Right Honourable,*

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty should shew greater: mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship: to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

Will. Shakespear.



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### The ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons, and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucrece. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched: only Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew herself, and was (according to his state) royally entertained, and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he treacherously stealing into her chamber, violently ravished her; and early in the morning speeded away. Lucrece, in

this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius : and finding Lucrece attired in a mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole matter of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins : and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed ; with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state-government changed, from kings to consuls.

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## TARQUIN *and* LUCRECE.

FROM the besieg'd Ardea all in post,  
Born by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathing Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Colatium bears the lightless fire,  
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle, with embracing flames, the waste  
Of Colatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste, unhaply set  
This baitless edge on his keen appetite:  
When Colatine unwisely did not let,  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white,  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight;  
Where mortal star, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state:  
What prizeless wealth the heavens had him lent,  
In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor prince to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done!  
As is the morning's silver melting dew,  
Against the golden splendor of the sun;  
A date expir'd and cancel'd ere begun.

Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortrest from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator;  
What needed then apologies be made,  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Colatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish cares, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sov'reignty  
Suggested this proud issue of a king;  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.  
Perchance, that envy of so rich a thing  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting [vant  
His high-pitcht thoughts, that meaner men should  
The golden-hap, which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all too timeless speed, if none of those.  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal, which in his liver glows.  
O rash false heat wrapt in repentant cold!  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Colatium this false lord arriv'd,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd,  
Which of them both should underprop her fame.  
When virtue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame;  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite,  
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;  
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild  
Her silver cheeks and call'd it then her shield;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the  
[white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white;  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right;  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:  
The sov'reignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloses,  
Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies, that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph o'er so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,  
The niggard prodigal, that prais'd her so,  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.  
Therefore that praise, which Colatine doth owe,  
Inchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by the devil,  
Little suspected the false worshipper.



50      TARQUIN *and* LUCRECE.

' For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream of evil,  
' Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes fear :'

So guiltless she securely gives good cheer.

And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty,  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometimes too much wonder of his eye :  
Which having all, all could not satisfy ;  
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,  
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger-eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
Nor read the subtle shining secreties  
Writ in the glassy margents of such books,  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;  
Nor could she moralize his wanton fight  
More, than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;  
And decks with praises Colatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
*With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.*

Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
And wordless, so greets heav'n for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there ;  
No cloudy show of stormy blust'ring weather,  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear,  
Till fable night, sad source of dread and fear,

Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
Intending weariness with heavy sprite ;  
For after supper long he questioned  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,  
And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that  
[wake.

As one of which, doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Tho' weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining ;  
Despair to gain doth traffick oft for gaining :  
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
Tho' death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are of gain so fond,  
That oft they have not that which they possess ;  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so by hoping more, they have but less ;  
Or gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor, rich, gain.

The aim of all, is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth and ease in waining age :  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage :  
As life for honour, in fell battles rage,  
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be  
 The things we are, for that which we expect :  
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
 In having much, torments us with defect  
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect

The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,  
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doating Tarquin make,  
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust :  
 And for himself, himself he must forsake ;  
 Then where is truth, if there be no self trust ?  
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
 When he himself, himself confounds, betrays,  
 To stand'rous tongues the wretched hateful lays ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;  
 No comfortable star did lend his light,  
 No noise but owls, and wolves death-boding cries :  
 Now serves the season, that they may surprize  
 The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,  
 Whilst lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,  
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,  
 Is madly tost between desire and dread ;  
 Th' one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm :  
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
 Beaten away by brainfick rude desire.

His fauchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,

Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be load-star to his lustful eye:

And to the flame thus speaks advisedly;

‘As from this flint I enforc’d this fire,

‘So Lucrece must I force to my desire.’

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate

The dangers of his loathsome enterprize;

And in his inward mind he doth debate

What following sorrow may on this arise:

Then looking scornfully he doth despise

His naked armour of still slaughter’d lust,

And justly thus controuls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch burn out thy light, and lend it not

To darken her, whose light excelleth thine:

And die unhallow’d thoughts, before you blot

With your uncleanness, that which is divine.

Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:

Let fair humanity abhor the deed,

That spots and stains love’s modest snow-white

[weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!

O foul dishonour to my household’s grave!

O impious act, including all foul harms!

A martial man to be soft fancy’s slave!

True valour still a true respect should have.

Then my digression is so vile, so base,

That it will live engraven in my face.

Yes, tho’ I die, the scandal will survive,

And be an eye-sore in my golden coat:

Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive

To cypher me how fondly I did dote:

That my posterity shamed with the note,

Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,  
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,  
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?  
Or sells eternity, to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape, who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the scepter strait be stricken down?

If Colatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege, that hath ingirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed!  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?  
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Colatinus kill'd my son or fire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life;  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or quital of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.



Shameful it is, if once the fact be known;  
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving.  
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:  
The worst is but denial, and reproving;  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceless) holds he disputation,  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will;  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worser sense for 'vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill.  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some bad news from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Colatinus lies.  
O how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First, red as roses, that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear:  
Which strook her sad, and then it faster rock'd.  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All orators are dumb, when beauty pleads.

Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;  
Love thrives not in the heart, that shadows dreads.  
Affection is my captain, and he leads ;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd.  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear avant ! debating die !  
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age !  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye,  
Sad pause and deep regard befits the sage ;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;  
Then who fears sinking, where such treasure lies ?

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost cloak'd by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open list'ning ear,  
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust :  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Colatine,  
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits ;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline :  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who flatter'd by their leaders jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;  
And as their captain so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord doth march to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc'd, recites his ward ;  
But as they open, they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;  
Night-wand'ring weezels shriek to see him there,  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Thro' little vents and crannies of the place,  
The wind wars with his torch to make him slay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein the needle sticks ;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks :  
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste,  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not slay him,  
He in the worst sense construes their denial :  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial,  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial ;  
Which with a lingring stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,  
 Like little frosts, that sometime threat the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [sands,  
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong-pirates, shelves and  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought;  
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited th' eternal power,  
 That his soul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
 And they should stand auspicious to the hour;  
 Even there he starts, quoth he, I must desflour!  
 The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,  
 How can they then assist me in the act?

Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide,  
 My will is back'd with resolution:  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be try'd,  
 Black sin is clear'd with absolution;  
 Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.  
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
 Covers the shame, that follows sweet delight.

This said, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
 And with his knee the door he opens wide;

The dove sleeps fast, that this night-owl will catch :  
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd.  
 Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;  
     But she sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed :  
 The curtains being close, about he walks ;  
 Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,  
 By their high treason in his heart misled :  
     Which gives the watch-word to his hand too soon ;  
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look as the fair and fiery pointed sun,  
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
 Even so the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
 Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,  
     That dazleth them, or else some shame suppos'd ;  
 But blind they are, and keep themselves inclos'd.

O had they in that darksome prison died !  
 Then had they seen the period of their ill ;  
 Then Colatine again by Lucrece' side,  
 In his clear bed might have reposed still ;  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;  
     And holy-thoughted Lucrece, to their sight  
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheeks lies under,  
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;  
 Which therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss :  
 Between whose hills, her head intomb'd is ;



Where like a virtuous monument she lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white  
Shew'd like an April dazy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their light;  
And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with her breath;  
O modest wantons, wanton modesty!  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality.  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered:  
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured.  
These worlds in Tarquin, new ambition bred,  
Who like a foul usurper went about,  
From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?  
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd!  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doated,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.  
With more than admiration he admir'd  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfy'd :  
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
 His rage of lust by gazing qualify'd,  
 Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,  
 His eye which late this mutiny restrains,  
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
 Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,  
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
 Nor childrens tears, nor mothers groans respecting,  
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.  
 Anon his beating heart alarum striking,  
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye :  
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;  
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
 Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand :  
 On her bare breasts, the heart of all her land ;  
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They must'ring to the quiet cabinet,  
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
 And fright her with confusion of their cries.  
 She much amaz'd breaks ope her lock'd up eyes ;  
 Who peeping forth, this tumult to behold,  
 Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controul'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,  
 Forth from dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,

That thinks she has beheld some ghastly sprite,  
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking.  
 What terror 'tis : but she in worser taking,  
     From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
     The sight, which makes supposed terror rue.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,  
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies :  
 She dares not look, yet winking there appear  
 Quick shifting anticks ugly in her eyes,  
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ;  
     Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
     In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
 (Rude ram ! to batter such an ivory wall)  
 May feel her heart (poor citizen !) distress,  
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal,  
     This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
     To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin  
 To sound a parley to his heartless tee,  
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
 The reason of this alarum to know,  
 Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show ;  
     But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,  
     Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : The colour in thy face,  
 That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,  
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale.  
 Under that colour am I come to scale

Thy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide :  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide;  
My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer fought with all my might.  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempts will bring;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting.  
All this before-hand counsel comprehends;  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And doats on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;  
But nothing can affection's course controul,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears insue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies :  
So under his insulting fauchion lies  
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
With trembling fear, as fowls hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,  
 If thou deny, then force must work my way;  
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:  
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;  
     And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
     Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain  
 The scornful mark of every open eye;  
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy;  
 And thou the author of their obloquy,  
     Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
     And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend,  
 The fault unknown is as a thought enacted;  
 A little harm done to a great good end,  
 For lawful policy remains enacted.  
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
     In purest compounds; being so apply'd,  
     His venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy husband, and thy children's sake,  
 Tender my suit; bequeath not to their lot  
 The shame, that from them no device can take,  
 The blemish that will never be forgot,  
 Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:  
     For marks describ'd in men's nativity,  
     Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice dead-killing eye,  
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;



While she, the picture of true piety,  
Like a white hind beneath the gripe's sharp claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast, that knows no gentle right,  
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

As when a black-fac'd cloud the world does threat,  
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountain hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust does get,  
Which blow these pitchy vapours from their biding,  
Hindring their present fall by this dividing :

So his unhallowed haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays.

Like foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth ;  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth ;  
His ear her prayer admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining ;  
Tears harden lust, tho' marble wears with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face :  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place,

And midst the sentence for her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high Almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath ;  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love ;  
By holy human law, and common troth ;  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both :

That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:  
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended.

He is no wood man that doth bend his bow,  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;  
Thyself art mighty, for thy own sake leave me;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;  
Thou lookst not like deceit, do not deceive me;  
My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.  
If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O! if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee,  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me; [name:  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king:  
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?  
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
 What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king ?  
 O ! be remembered, no outrageous thing  
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away,  
 Then kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed shall make thee only lov'd for fear,  
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :  
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
 When they in thee the like offences prove :  
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove.  
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
 Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn ?  
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?  
 Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame ?  
 To privilege dishonour in thy name,  
 Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
 And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou commanded ? By him that gave it thee,  
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will :  
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
 Thy princely office how can'st thou fulfil,  
 When pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,  
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
 To view thy present trespass in another :

Mens faults do feldom to themselves appear,  
 Their own transgressions partially they smother :  
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
     O ! how are they wrapt in with infamies,  
     That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes !

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeal,  
 Not to seducing lust's outrageous fire ;  
 I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal,  
 Let him return and flattering thoughts retire.  
 His true aspect will prison false desire,  
     And wipe the dim mist from thy doating eyne,  
     That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled tide  
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let ;  
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
 And with the wind in greater fury fret :  
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
     To their salt sovereign with their fresh false haste,  
     Add to his flow, but alter not the taste.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a sovereign king,  
 And lo ! there falls into thy boundless flood  
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
 If all these petty ills should change thy good,  
     Thy sea within a puddle womb is burst,  
     And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;  
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;  
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;  
 Thou loathed in thy shame, they in thy pride :  
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide.

The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state.—  
No more, quoth he, by heav'n I will not hear thee:  
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolf has seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,  
Till with her own white fleece her voice controul'd,  
Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly linen, that she wears,  
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears,  
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O that foul lust should stain so pure a bed!  
The spots whereof, could weeping purify,  
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
And he hath won what he would lose again;  
This forced league doth force a further strife,  
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,  
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.  
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,  
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.



50      *TARQUIN and LUCRECE.*

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight;  
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
The prey wherein by nature they delight :  
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fears this night ;  
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O! deeper sin, than bottomless conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination !  
Drunken desire, must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.  
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pate,  
Feeble desire all recreant, poor and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
The flesh being proud, desire does fight with grace.  
For there it revels, and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd :  
For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
That thro' the length of time he stands disgrac'd :  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is detac'd ;  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,

And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death, and pain perpetual :

Which in her prescience she controul'd still,  
But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

E'en in this thought thro' the dark night he stealeth,  
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain :  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain :  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,  
She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there :  
He scowls and hates himself for his offence,  
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear :  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear :

She stays exclaiming on the direful night,  
He runs and chides his vanish'd loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;  
She there remains a hopeless cast-away :  
He in his speed looks for the morning-light ;  
She prays she never may behold the day :  
For day (quoth she) night scapes doth open lay ;  
And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see  
The same disgrace, which they themselves behold ;  
And therefore would they still in darkness lie,  
To have their unseen sin remain untold.  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,

And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
Upon their cheeks what helpless shame they feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind :  
She wakes her heart, by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her spight  
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night ! image of hell !  
Dim register ! and notary of shame !

Black stage for tragedies ! and murders fell !

Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !

Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour of defame !

Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator

With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

O hateful, vapourous, and foggy night !

Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,

Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,

Make war against proportion'd course of time :

Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb

His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,

Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air,

Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair,

Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick :

And let thy misty vapours march so thick,

That in their smoaky ranks his smother'd light

May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,  
 The silver-shining queen him would disdain ;  
 Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)  
 Thro' night's black bosom should not peep again.  
 So should I have copartners in my pain :  
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
 As palmers, that make short their pilgrimage.

Where now ? have I no one to blush with me ?  
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine ;  
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy.  
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine ;  
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ;  
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night ! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke !  
 Let not the jealous day behold that face,  
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke  
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace.  
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
 That all the faults, which in thy reign are made,  
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day ;  
 The light shall shew, character'd in my brow,  
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
 The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.  
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
 To cypher what is writ in learned books,  
 Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ;

The orator, to deck his oratory,  
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame.  
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,  
 Will tye the hearers to attend each line,  
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Colatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
 For Colatine's dear love he kept unspotted ;  
 If that be made a theme for disputation,  
 The branches of another root are rotted,  
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,  
 That is as clear from this attain of mine,  
 As I, ere this, was pure to Colatine.

O unseen shame ! invifible disgrace !  
 O unfelt fore ! creft-wounding private fear !  
 Reproach is ftampt in Colatinus' face,  
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mote afar,  
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
 Alas ! how many bear fuch shameful blows,  
 Which not themfelves, but he that gives them,  
 [knows ?

If, Colatine, thine honour lay in me,  
 From me, by ftong affault, it is bereft :  
 My honey loft, and I a drone-like bee,  
 Have no perfection of my fummer left,  
 But robb'd and ranfack'd by injurious theft :  
 In thy weak hive a wand'ring wasp hath crept,  
 And fuck'd the honey which thy chafte bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ?  
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;  
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
 For it had been difhonour to difdain him.  
 Befides, of wearinefs he did complain him,



And talk'd of virtue : O unlook'd for evil !  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil !

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?  
Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrows nests ?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts !  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man, that coffers up his gold,  
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painful fits;  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold :  
But still like pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless bans the harvest of his wits.  
Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
But torment, that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their curst blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,  
E'en in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;  
The adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing ;  
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours :  
We have no good, that we can say is ours.  
But ill annexed opportunity,  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O! opportunity! thy guilt is great:  
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason:  
 Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get,  
 Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;  
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason:  
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy her,  
 Sits sin, to seize the souls that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
 Thou blow'st the fire, when temperance is thaw'd;  
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth:  
 Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd!  
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud.  
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief!  
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame;  
 Thy private feasting to a public fast;  
 Thy smothering titles to a ragged name!  
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
 Thy violent vanities can never last.  
 How comes it then, vile opportunity,  
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend?  
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
 When wilt thou sort an hour, great strifes to end?  
 Or free that soul, which wretchedness hath chain'd?  
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?  
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for  
 But they ne'er met with opportunity. [thee,

The patient dies, while the physician sleeps;  
 The orphan pines, while the oppressor feeds;

Justice is feasting, while the widow weeps;  
Advice is sporting, while infection breeds;  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.

Wrath, envy, treason, rape and murder rages,  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;  
They buy thy help: but sin ne'er gives a fee,  
He gratis comes, and thou art well paid,  
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.

My Colatine would else have come to me,  
When Tarquin did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;  
Guilty of perjury and subornation;  
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination:  
An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen time, copesmate of ugly night;  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;  
Thou nurdest all, and murderest all that are.

O hear me then, injurious shifting time!  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant opportunity,  
Betrayed the hours thou gav'st me to repose?  
Cancel'd my fortunes, and chained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes?  
Time's office is to find the hate of foes,

To eat up error by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dow'ry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings ;  
To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light ;  
To stamp the seal of time on aged things ;  
To wake the morn, and centinel the night ;  
To wrong the wronger, till he render right ;  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers :

To fill with worm holes stately monuments ;  
To feed oblivion with decay of things ;  
To blot old books, and alter their contents ;  
To pluck the quills from antient ravens wings ;  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs ;  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter ;  
To make the child a man, the man a child ;  
To slay the tyger, that doth live by slaughter ;  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild ;  
To mock the subtle in the themselves beguil'd ;  
To chear the plowman with increaseful crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou could'st return to make amends ?  
One poor retiring minute, in an age,  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends. [back,  
O! this dread night ! would'st thou one hour come  
I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight;  
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:  
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,  
 And the dire thought of his committed evil  
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances;  
 Afflict him in his bed with bed-rid groans:  
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
 To make him moan, but pity not his moans:  
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones,  
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
 Wilder to him than tygers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair:  
 Let him have time against himself to rave;  
 Let him have time of time's help to despair;  
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave;  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
 And time to see one, that by alms does live,  
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort:  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of folly, and his time of sport:  
 And ever let his unrecalling time  
 Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

O time! thou tutor both to good and bad!  
 Teach me to curse him, that thou taught'st this ill;



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At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself, himself seek every hour to kill;  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill!  
For who so base would such an office have,  
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,  
That makes him honoured, or begets him hate:  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
The moon being clouded, presently is mist,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,  
And unperceived fly with the filth away;  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.  
Gnats are unnoted wherefoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

O idle words! servants to shallow fools;  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators;  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools:  
Debate where leisure serves, with dull debators:  
To trembling clients be their mediators.  
For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past all help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,  
At time, at Tarquin, and unsearchful night!  
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despight:  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right,

The remedy indeed to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
Honour thyself, to rid me of this shame;  
For if I die, my honour lives in thee:  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;  
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself, and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starts,  
To find some desperate instrument of death.  
But this no slaughter house, no tool imparts,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
Which thronging thro' her lips so vanisheth,  
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean, to end a hapless life:  
I fear'd by Tarquin's fauchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:  
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;  
So am I now: O no! that cannot be;  
Of that true type hath Tarquin-rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I fought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die;  
To clear this spot by death (at least) I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery,  
A dying life to living infamy!  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay,

Well, well, dear Colatine, thou shalt not know  
 The stained taste of violated troth;  
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath:  
 This bastard grass shall never come to growth;  
     He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,  
     That thou art doating father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
 Basely with gold; but stol'n from forth thy gate.  
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
     And with my trespasses never will dispense,  
     Till life to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses;  
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
 My tongue shall utter all, mine eyes like sluices,  
     As from a mountain spring, that feeds a dale,  
     Shall gush pure streams, to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow;  
 And solemn night with slow sad gait descended  
 To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow  
 Lends light to all fair eyes, that light would borrow.  
     But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
     And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day thro' every cranny spies,  
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,

To whom she sobbing speaks! O! eye of eyes!  
Why pry'st thou thro' my window? leave thy peeping,  
Mock with thy tickling beams, eyes that are sleeping:  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:  
True grief is fond, and testy as a child,  
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought agrees;  
Old woes, not infant sorrows bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer, plunging still,  
With too much labour, drowns for want of skill.

So she deep drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views;  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
No object but her passion's strength renews,  
And as one shifts, another strait ensues:  
Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words;  
Sometimes 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds, that tune their morning's joy,  
Make her moans mad, with their sweet melody.  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company;  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.  
True sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;  
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:  
To see the salve, doth make the wound ake more;  
Great grief grieves most at that will do it good;  
Deep woes roll forward, like a gentle flood,

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Which being stopt, the bounding banks o'erflows ;  
Grief dally'd with, nor law, nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes intomb  
Within your hollow-swellings feather'd breasts ;  
And in my hearing be you ever dumb,  
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests :  
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,  
Distress likes dumps, when times is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, thou sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.  
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain my tear,  
And with deep groans the Diapason bear :  
For burden-wife I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descants better skill.

And while against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking ; wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,  
Who if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold ;  
Some dark deep desert seated from the way,  
That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,  
We will find out ; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds ;  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.



As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly;  
Or one incompas'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily:  
So with herself she is in mutiny,  
To live or die, which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,  
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none. [one,

My body or my soul, which was the dearer?  
When the one pure, the other made divine,  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept from heaven and Colatine?  
Ah me! the bark peal'd from the lofty pine,  
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peal'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted;  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy.  
Then let it not be call'd impiety,  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,  
Thro' which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Colatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death:

That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
 Revenge on him, that made me stop my breath :  
 My stained blood to Tarquin I bequeath,  
     Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,  
 And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife,  
 That wounds my body so dishonoured :  
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonoured life :  
 The one will live, the other being dead.  
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;  
     For in my death I murder shameful scorn,  
 My shame so dead, my honour is new born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?  
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.  
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :  
     Myself thy friend, will kill myself thy foe ;  
 And for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make :  
 My soul and body to the skies and ground ;  
 My resolution (husband) do you take ;  
 My honour be the knife's, that makes my wound ;  
 My shame be his, that did my fame confound ;  
     And all my fame that lives, disbursed be  
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

When Colatine shall oversee this will,  
 How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it ?  
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;  
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, So be it :

Yield to my hand, and that shall conquer thee;  
Thou dead, that dies, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death, when sadly she had laid.  
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untun'd tongue she hoarsly call'd her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies,  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,  
As winter meads, when sun does melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good morrow,  
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty;  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
(For why, her face wore sorrow's livery)  
But durst not ask of her audaciously,  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so;  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
E'en so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy.  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky;  
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling;  
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company of her drops spilling:  
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;  
Grieving themselves to guess at other smarts;  
And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
 And therefore they are form'd as marble will :  
 The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds  
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.  
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
     No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
     Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like an even champain plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep.  
 In men, as in a rough grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils, that obscurely sleep :  
 Thro' crystal walls each little mote will peep.  
     Tho' men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
     Poor womens faces are their own faults books.

No man inveighs against the wither'd flower,  
 But chides rough winter, that the flower has kill'd :  
 Not that's devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
 Is worthy blame : O let it not be held  
 Poor womens faults that they are so fulfill'd  
     With mens abuses ; those proud lords, to blame,  
     Make weak mad women tenants to their shame.

'The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
 Affail'd by night with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
 By that her death to do her husband wrong ;  
 Such danger to resistance did belong.  
     The dying fear thro' all her body spread,  
     And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this mild patience did fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :

My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break [ing?  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are rain-  
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
    Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;  
    If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went (and there she staid,  
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?  
Madam, ere I was up (replied the maid)  
The more to blame my sluggish negligence:  
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
    Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
    And ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness.  
O peace (quoth Lucrece) if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is, than I can well express:  
    And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
    When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
(What should I say?) One of my husband's men  
Bid you be ready, by and by to bear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;  
    Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,  
    The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill;  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,  
What wit sets down, is blotted still with will;  
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill:



Much like a press of people at a door,  
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife, that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person ; next vouchsafe t' afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me :  
So I commend me from our house in grief,  
My woes are tedious, tho' my words are brief.

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly :  
By this short schedule Colatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :  
She dares not therefore make discovery,  
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her strain'd-excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,  
She boards to spend, when he is by to hear her ;  
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her [fashion  
From that suspicion which the world might bear her :  
To shun this blot, she wou'd not blot the letter  
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights, moves more than hear them told ;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold :  
When every part a part of woe doth bear,  
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.  
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste ;  
The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the four-fac'd groom to hie as fast,  
As lagging souls before the northern blast.  
Speed, more than speed, but dull and slow she deems,  
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,  
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,  
Receives the scroll without or yea or no ;  
For outward bashful innocence doth fly.  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame,  
For Lucrece thought she blush'd to see her shame.

When silly groom (God wot) it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity ;  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others faucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely.  
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd.  
She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd,  
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone :

The weary time she cannot entertain,  
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan.  
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
     That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
     Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
 Of skilful painting made for Priam's Troy ;  
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy  
 Threatening cloud kissing Ilion with annoy ;  
     Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
     As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life ;  
 Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife.  
 The red blood reek'd to shew the painter's strife.  
     And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashy lights,  
     Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;  
 And from the towers of Troy, there wou'd appear  
 The very eyes of men thro' loop-holes thrust,  
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.  
     Such sweet observance in the work was had,  
     That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders, grace and majesty  
 You might behold triumphing in their faces :  
 In youth quick-bearing and dexterity :  
 And here and there the painter interlaces  
 Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces :

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one wou'd swear he saw them quake and  
[tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O! what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold!  
The face of either cypher'd either's heart;  
Their face, their manners most expressly told  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;  
But the mild glance that the Ulysses lent,  
Shew'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,  
Making such sober actions with his hand,  
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight,  
In speech it seem'd his beard all silver white,  
Wagg'd up and down and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;  
All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;  
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.

The scalps of many almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;  
Here one being throng'd, bears back all swoln and red;  
Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear,  
And in their rage, (such signs of rage they bear,)  
As but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
It seems they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy,  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
And to their hope, they such odd action yield,  
That thro' their light joy seemed to appear,  
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan where they fought  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran ;  
Whose waves to imitate the battle fought  
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and then  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well painted piece is Lucrece come  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd ;  
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Who bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign ;



Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguis'd;  
Of what she was, no semblance did remain;  
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein:  
Wanting the spring, that those shrunk pipes had  
Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead. [fed,

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes;  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.  
The painter was no god to lend her those;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument (quoth she) without a sound!  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus, that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long;  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks, that are thine enemies.

Shew me this strumpet, that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear;  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath, that burning Troy did bear;  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:  
And here in Troy, for trespass of mine eye,  
The fire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one,  
Become the publick plague of many more?  
Let sin alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head, that hath transgressed so.  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.

For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies!  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus sounds;  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies!  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds!  
And one man's lust these many lives confounds!  
Had doating Priam check'd his son's desire  
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:  
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,  
Once set a ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.  
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencil'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
[borrow.  
She throws her eyes about the painted round.  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;  
His face, tho' full of cares, yet shew'd content.  
Onward to Troy with these blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill,  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,  
That blushing red, no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale, the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just;  
And therein so inscon'd this secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,  
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust,  
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd woman this wild image drew  
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after flew;  
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilion; that the skies were ferry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
[faces.

This picture she advis'dly perus'd,  
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill:  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,  
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:  
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,  
That she concludes, the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,  
She would have said, can lurk in such a look;  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue, *can lurk*, from *cannot* took;  
It cannot be, she in that sense forlook,  
And turn'd it thus; it *cannot* be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For ev'n as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober sad, so weary and so mild,

(As if with grief or travel he had fainted)  
 To me came Tarquin armed, so beguil'd  
 With outward honesty, but yet desil'd  
     With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,  
     So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perith.

Look, look how list'ning Priam wets his eyes  
 To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds !  
 Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?  
 For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds :  
 His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.  
     Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,  
     Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,  
 For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
 And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell :  
 These contraries such unity do hold,  
 Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :  
     So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
     That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here all enrag'd such passion her assails,  
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast ;  
 She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
 Comparing him to that unhappy guest,  
 Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.  
     At last she seemingly with this gives o'er,  
     Fool ! fool ! quoth she, his wounds will not be fore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
 And time doth weary time with her complaining :  
 She looks for night and then she longs for morrow,  
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining :  
 Short time seems long, in sorrow's sharp sustaining.

Tho' woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,  
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath over-slipt her thought,  
That she with painted images hath spent,  
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought,  
By deep surmise of others detriment,  
Loosing her woes in shews of discontent.

It easeth some, tho' none it ever cur'd,  
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger comes back,  
Brings home his lord, and other company;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.

These watergalls, in her dim element,  
Foretel new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes, tho' sod in tears, look red and raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
He has no power to ask her how she fares,  
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.



Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,  
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:  
 At length address'd, to answer this desire,  
 She modestly prepares, to let them know  
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe:

While Colatine, and his consoled lords,  
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her wat'ry nest,  
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.  
 Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,  
 Wherein no excuse can give the fault a mending;  
 In me more woes than words are now depending:  
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,  
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,  
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;  
 And what wrong else may be imagined  
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
 From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
 With shining fauchion in my chamber, came  
 A creeping creature with a flaming light,  
 And softly cry'd, Awake thou Roman dame!  
 And entertain my love, else lasting shame  
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,  
 Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,

I'll murder strait, and then I'll slaughter thee,  
And swear I found you, where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust ; and so did kill  
The lechers in their deed : this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he sets his sword;  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word :  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome,  
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
(And far the weaker with so strong a fear)  
My bloody judge forbad my tongue to speak,  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear,  
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes ;  
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

Oh ! teach me how to make mine own excuse,  
Or at the least, this refuge let me find ;  
Tho' my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;  
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd  
To accessary yieldings : but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo ! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
With head inclin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe ;  
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away, that stops his answer so.

But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;  
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As thro' an arch, the violent roaring tide  
Out-runs the eye, that doth behold his haste ;  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
Back to the strait, that forc'd him on so fast ;  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage being past :  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :  
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power, no flood my raining slacketh ;  
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling painful ; let it then suffice  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
For she, that was thy Lucrece—now attend me,  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe ;  
Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past, the help, that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,  
(Speaking to those that came with Colatine)  
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
With swift pursuit to 'venge this wrong of mine :  
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,  
To chase injustice with revengeful arms,  
Knights by their oaths should right poor ladies  
harms.

At this request, with noble disposition,  
Each present lord began to promise aid,  
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd :  
But she that yet her sad task bath not said,  
The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,  
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me ?

What is the quality of my offence,  
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?  
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low declined honour to advance ?  
May any terms acquit me from this chance ?  
The poison'd fountain clears itself again,  
And why not I, from this compelled stain ?

With this they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain the mind untainted clears,  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map, which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune carved in with tears.

No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuses giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name. He, he, she says :  
But more, than he, her poor tongue could not speak,  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
She utters this, He, he, fair lord, 'tis he  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed,





If children predecease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance, my old age new-born;  
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and cold,  
Shews me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worm:  
O! from my cheeks my image thou hast torn!  
And shiver'd all the beauty from my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

O! time! cease thou thy course, and haste no longer,  
If thou surcease to be, that should survive:  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the salt'ring feeble souls alive?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive;  
Then live sweet Lucrece, live again and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts Colatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
And then in clay-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space:  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
Who made that sorrow should his use controul,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
He 'gins to talk; but thro' his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,  
 But thro' his teeth, as if his name he tore :  
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
 Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more.  
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :  
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,  
 Who should weep most for daughter, or for wife :

The one doth call her his, the other his ;  
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
 The father says, she's mine ; O mine she is,  
 Replies her husband ; do not take away  
 My sorrow's interest, let no mourner say,  
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
 And only must be wail'd by Colatine.

O ! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,  
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.  
 Wo ! wo ! quoth Colatine, she was my wife,  
 I own'd her, and 'tis mine, that she hath kill'd.  
 My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd  
 The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece life,  
 Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his follies show :  
 He with the Romans was esteemed so,  
 As silly jeering ideots are with kings,  
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
 Wherein true policy did him disguise,

And arm'd his long-hid wits advifedly,  
To check the tears in Colatinus' eyes.  
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arife ;  
Let my unfounded felf, fuppos'd a fool,  
Now fet thy long-experienc'd wit to fchool.

Why, Colatine, is woe the cure for woe ?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?  
Is it revenge to give thyfelf a blow ?  
For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?  
Such childifh humour from weak minds proceeds :  
Thy wretched wife miftook the matter fo,  
To flay herfelf, that fhould have flain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not fteep thy heart  
In fuch lamenting dew of lamentations ;  
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
That they will fuffer thefe abominations  
(Since Rome herfelf in them doth ftand disgrac'd)  
By our ftrong arms from forth her fair ftreets chas'd.

Now by the capitol that we adore !  
And by this chafte blood fo unjuftly ftain'd !  
By heaven's fair fun, that breeds the fat earth's ftore !  
By all our country rites in Rome maintain'd !  
And by chafte Lucrece' foul, that late complain'd  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife !  
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This faid, he ftroke his hand upon his breaft,  
And kifs'd the fatal knife to end his vow :  
And to his proteftation urg'd the reft,  
Who wond'ring at him did his words allow :  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,

And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,  
To shew the bleeding body throughout Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence.  
Which being done, with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent.  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

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POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

*The Glory of Beauty.*

**A**H wherefore with infection should he live?  
And with his presence grace impiety?  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And lace itself with his society?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,  
Beggard of blood, to blush thro' lively veins?  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
O! him she stores, to show what wealth she had,  
In days long since, before these last so bad.

Thus is his cheek, the map of days, out-worn,  
When beauty liv'd and dy'd as flowers do now;  
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow:  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head,  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old, to dress his beauty new:



And him as for a map doth nature store.  
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee, that the world's eye doth view,  
Want nothing, that the thought of hearts can mend:  
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee thy due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
Their outward thus with outward praise is crown'd,  
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound,  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that in guess they measure by thy deeds;  
Then their churl thoughts (altho' their eyes were kind)  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds.  
But why? thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The toil is this, that thou dost common grow.

*Injurious Time.*

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end:  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In frequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound:  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.  
And yet to times, in hope, my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Against my love shall be as I am now,  
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-worn;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow  
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's sleepy night,  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring:  
For such a time, do I now fortify,  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, tho' my lover's life.  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

When I have seen, by time's fell hand defac'd,  
The rich proud coast of out-worn bury'd age;  
When sometimes lofty towers I see down raz'd,  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watry main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded, to decay:  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,  
That time will come, and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot chuse  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power:  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O! how shall summer's hungry breath hold out  
 Against the wrackful siege of battering days;  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?  
 O! fearful meditation! where, alack!  
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?  
 Or what strong hand can hold this swift foot back,  
 Or who his spoil on beauty can forbid?  
 O! none! unless this miracle have might,  
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tir'd with all these, for restless death I cry;  
 As to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jolity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpetted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,  
 And folly (doctor-like) controuling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive good attending captain ill:  
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

*True Admiration.*

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
 Since every one, hath every one, one shade,  
 And you but one, can every shadow lend?  
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
 Is poorly imitated after you;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new.  
 Speak of the spring and foyzen of the year,  
 The one doth shadow of your beauty shew,  
 The other as your bounty doth appear,  
 And you in every blessed shape we know :  
     In all external grace you have some part,  
     But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
 For that sweet odour, which doth in it live.  
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,  
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,  
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :  
 But for their virtue's only in their show,  
 They live unmov'd, and unrespected fade,  
 Die to themselves : sweet roses do not so,  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.  
     And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
     When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

*The Force of Love.*

Being your slave, what should I do, but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire,  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require :  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
 Whilst I (my sovereign) watch the clock for you ;  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu.

114 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;  
But like a sad slave stay, and think of nought,  
Save where you are : how happy you make those !  
So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
(Tho' you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

That god forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought controul your times of pleasure;  
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure.  
O let me suffer (being at your beck)  
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury !  
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time  
To what you will ; to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
I am to wait, tho' waiting so be hell ;  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

*The Beauty of Nature.*

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd ?  
Which labouring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child ?  
O ! that record could with a backward look,  
Ev'n of five hundred courses of the sun ;  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mine at first in character was done !  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame ;



Whether we're mended, or where better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.

O! sure I am, the wits of former days,  
To subjects worse, have given admiring praise.

*Love's Cruelty.*

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose may never die;  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory.  
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel;  
Making a famine where abundance lies:  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And tender churl mak'st waste in niggarding:  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's porud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held:  
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;  
To say within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise-deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer, This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,  
Proving his beauty by succession thine?

This were to be new made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
Now is the time that face should form another,  
Whose fresh repair, if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.  
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:  
So thou thro' windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
But if thou live, remember not to be;  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

*Youthful Glory.*

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
No longer yours, than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty, which you hold in lease,  
Find no determination; then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,  
Against the stormy gulfs of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O! none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know  
You had a father, let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,  
And yet methinks I have astronomy ;  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quality ;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind ;  
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,  
By ought predict that I in heaven find :  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And constant stars ; in them I read such art,  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself, to store thou would'st convert :  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

When I consider, every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment ;  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment :  
When I perceive, that men as plants increase,  
Chear'd and check'd ev'n by the self-same sky :  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory :  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;  
And all in war with time, for love of you,  
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

*Good Admonition.*

But wherefore do not you a mightier way,  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, time ?

And fortify yourself, in your decay,  
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
 And many maiden gardens yet unset,  
 With virtuous with would bear you living flowers,  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit.  
 So should the lines of life that life repair,  
 Which this (time's pencil) or my pupil pen,  
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
     To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,  
     And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse, in time to come,  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
 Tho' yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb,  
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces ;  
 The age to come would say this poet lies,  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.  
 So should my papers (yellow'd with their age)  
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue ;  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 And stretched metre of an antick song.

But were some child of yours alive that time,  
 You should live twice in it, and in my rhyme.

*Quick Prevention.*

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,

Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage.  
 But when from high-moſt pitch, with weary care,  
 Like feeble age he reeleth from the day;  
 The eyes ('fore duteous) now converted are  
 From his low track, and look another way.  
 So thou, thyſelf out-going in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on dieſt, unleſs thou get a ſon.

*Magazine of Beauty.*

Unthrifty lovelineſs, why doſt thou ſpend  
 Upon thyſelf thy beauty's-legacy?  
 Nature's bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend,  
 And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free.  
 Then, beauteous niggard, why doſt thou abuſe  
 The bounteous largeſs given thee to give?  
 Profitleſs uſurer, why doſt thou uſe  
 So great a ſum of ſums, yet can'ſt not live?  
 For having traffick with thyſelf alone,  
 Thou of thyſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive;  
 Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit can'ſt thou leave?  
 Thy unus'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which uſed lives th' executor to be.

Thoſe hours, that with gentle work did frame  
 The lovely gaze, where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very ſame,  
 And that unfair, which fairly doth excel.  
 For never-reſting time leads ſummer on  
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;  
 Sap check'd with froſt, and luſty leaves quite gone;  
 Beauty o'er-ſnow'd, and barrenneſs every where.



Then were not summer's distillation left  
 A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of glass,  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.  
 But flowers distill'd, tho' they with winter meet,  
 Lose but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd,  
 Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place  
 With beauty's treasure, e'er it be self kill'd :  
 That use is not forbidden usury,  
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;  
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee ;  
 Then what could death do, if thou should'st depart,  
 Leaving thee living in posterity ?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
 To be death's conquest, and make wormstine heir.

*An Invitation to Marriage.*

Musick to hear, why hear'st thou musick sadly ?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy :  
 Why lov'st thou that, which thou receiv'st not gladly ?  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married do offend thy ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;

Resembling fire and child, and happy mother,  
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :  
     Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
     Sings this to thee, thou single wilt prove none.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?  
 Ah! if thou issue-less shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee like a makeless wife:  
*The world will be thy widow*, and still weep,  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind;  
 When every private widow well may keep,  
 By childrens eyes, her husband's shape in mind:  
 Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend,  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it:  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And kept unus'd, the us'rer so destroys it.  
     No love towards others in that bosom fits.  
     That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

For shame! deny, that thou bear'st love to any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident ;  
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,  
 But that thou none lov'st, is most evident :  
 For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous hate,  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
 Which to repair, should be thy chief desire.  
 O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!  
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?  
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove :  
     Make thee another self, for love of me,  
     That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,  
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth con-  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase; [vertest.  
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay;  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore years would make the world away.  
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:  
 Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;  
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:  
     She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
     Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

When I do count the clock, that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls are silver'd o'er with white;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard;  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow;  
     And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,  
     Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

*False Belief.*

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her (tho' I know she lyes)

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
 Thus vainly thinking, that she thinks me young,  
 Altho' I know my years be past the best;  
 I smiling, credit her false speaking tongue,  
 Out-facing faults in love, with love's ill rest.  
 But wherefore says my love, that she is young?  
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old?  
 O love's best habit is a smoothing tongue,  
 And age (in love) loves not to have years told.  
 Therefore I'll lye with love, and love with me,  
 Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

*A Temptation.*

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
 That like two spirits do suggest me still:  
 My better angel is a man (right fair)  
 My worser spirit a woman (colour'd ill.)  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my faint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her fair pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
 For being both to me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell.  
 The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
 'Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

*Fast and Loose.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,  
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury,  
 Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.  
 A woman I forswore : but I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,  
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.  
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;  
 Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
 Exhale this vapour vow, in thee it is :  
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine.  
     If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
     To break an oath, to win a paradise ?

*True Content.*

So is it not with me; as with that muse,  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse :  
 Making a compliment of proud compare  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems ;  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare,  
 That heaven's air, in this huge rondure hems.  
 O ! let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, tho' not so bright,  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.  
     Let them say more, that like of hearsay well ;  
     I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

*A Bashful Lover.*

As an imperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put besides his part ;



Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength abundant weakens his own heart :  
 So I, for fear of trust, forgot to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's right,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.  
 O ! let my looks be then the eloquence,  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;  
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.  
 O learn to read what silent love hath writ !  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

*Strong Conceit.*

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou art of one date ;  
 But when in thee time's sorrows I behold,  
 'Then look I death my days should expiate.  
 For all that beauty, that doth cover thee,  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me,  
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?  
 O therefore, love ! be of thyself so wary,  
 As I not for myself, but for thee, will,  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain ;  
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

*A Sweet Provocation.*

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
 With young Adonis, lovely fresh and green,

Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
 She told him stories, to delight his ears;  
 She show'd him favours, to allure his eye;  
 To win his heart, she touch't him here and there;  
 Touches so soft, still conquer chastity.  
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,  
 The tender nibbler wou'd not touch the bait,  
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer.  
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;  
 He rose and ran away; ah! fool too froward.

*A Constant Vow.*

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
 O! never faith cou'd hold, if not to beauty vow'd:  
 Tho' to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove.  
 Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd  
 Study his byas leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
 Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.  
 Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend!  
 All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder,  
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his  
 dreadful thunder,  
 Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong!  
 To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

*The Exchange.*

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou the master, mistress of my passion;

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion.  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling :  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth.  
 A man in hue all hue in his controuling,  
 Which steals mens eyes, and womens souls amazeth :  
 And for a woman wert thou first created.  
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a doating,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated ;  
 By adding one thing, to my purpose nothing.  
 But since she prick'd thee out for womens pleasure,  
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure:

*A Disconsolation.*

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed;  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,  
 But then begins a journey in my head,  
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired.  
 For then my thoughts (far from where I abide)  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness, which the blind do see:  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents their shadow to my sightless view ;  
 Which, like a jewel (hung in ghastly night)  
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
 Lo ! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debar'd the benefit of rest ?  
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
 But day by night, and night by day oppress'd ?

And each (tho' enemies to other's reign)  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
 The one by toil, the other to complain,  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :  
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
 When sparkling stars tweer out, thou gild'st th' even.  
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
 [stronger.

When in disgrace with fortune and mens eyes  
 I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself and curse my fate :  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd ;  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least.  
 Yet in these thoughts, myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
 Like to the lark, at break of day arising  
 From fullen earth, to sing at heaven's gate.  
 For thy sweet love rememb'red, such wealth brings,  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

*Cruel Deceit.*

Scarce had the sun dry'd up the dewy morn,  
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade ;  
 When Cytherea (all in love forlorn)  
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made  
 Under an osier growing by a brook ;  
 A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.

Hot was the day, she hotter, that did look  
 For his approach, that often here had been.  
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim :  
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him :  
 He spying her, bounc'd in (whereas he stood)  
 O ! Jove ! (quoth she) why was not I a flood ?

*The Unconstant Lover.*

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet as glass is brittle ;  
 Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty :  
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her ;  
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing ?  
 How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing ?  
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were  
 jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth ;  
 She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burning ;  
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;  
 She bad love last, and yet she fell a turning.  
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?  
 Bad at the best, tho' excellent in neither.



*The Benefit of Friendship.*

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.  
 Then can I drown an eye (unus'd to flow)  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
 And moan th'expence of many a vanish'd sight.  
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
 Which I new pay, as if not paid before.  
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend;  
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;  
 And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
 And all those friends, which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious tear  
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone;  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give,  
 That due of many, now is thine alone.  
 Their images I lov'd, I view in thee,  
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl death my bones with dust shall  
 cover;

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover :  
 Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,  
 And tho' they be out-stript by every pen,  
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men,  
 Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought !  
 Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,  
 A dearer birth than this, his love had brought,  
 To march in ranks of better equipage :  
 But since he died, and poets better prove,  
 Theirs for their stile I'll read, his for his love.

*Friendly Concord.*

If musick and sweet poetry agree,  
 As they must needs (the sister and the brother)  
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
 Upon the lute, doth ravish human sense :  
 Spencer to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,  
 That Phoebus' lute (the queen of musick) makes ;  
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,  
 When as himself to singing he betakes.  
 One God is God of both (as poets fain)  
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

*Inhumanity.*

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,  
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove.

For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild,  
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill.  
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds,  
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good-will,  
 Forbad the boy he should not pass those grounds :  
 Once (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth  
 Here in these brakes, deep wounded with a boar,  
 Deep in the thigh a spectacle of ruth ;  
 See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the fore :  
     She shewed hers, he saw more wounds than one,  
     And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

*A Congratulation.*

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 Whilst thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument; too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
 Oh ! give thyself the thanks, if ought in me,  
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight ;  
 For who's so dull, that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth,  
 Than those old Nine which rhimers invoke ;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.  
     If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
     The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Ah ! how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me ?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?  
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee ?  
 Even for this, let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one ;

That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
 Oh absence ! what a torment would'tt thou prove,  
 Were't not that thy four leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 Who time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive ;  
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all,  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call,  
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
 Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,  
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;  
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
 I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,  
 Altho' thou steal thee all my poverty :  
 And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with spite, yet we must not be foes.

*Loss and Gain.*

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well besit,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won ;  
 Beauteous thou art, and therefore to be assailed,  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till he have prevailed ?

Ah me! but yet thou might'st my feat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there,  
 Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth :  
     Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
     Thine by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly ;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye,  
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend, for my sake, to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss :  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross.  
     But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,  
     Sweet flattery, then she loves but me alone.

*Foolish Disdain.*

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,  
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :  
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.  
 Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me,  
 And then she clipt Adonis in her arms :  
 Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac'd me,  
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.  
 Even thus (quoth she) he seized on my lips,  
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure :



And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
 Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
 To kiss and clip me till I run away.

*Ancient Antipathy.*

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;  
 Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;  
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age I do abhor thee, youth I do adore thee;

O! my love, my love is young:

Age I do defy thee, O! sweet shepherd hie thee;

For, methinks, thou stay'st too long.

*Beauty's Valuation.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
 A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly;  
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently.  
 A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower.  
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost, are feld<sup>d</sup> or never found;  
 As faded glass no rubbing will refresh;  
 As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground;  
 As broken glass, no cement can redress:

So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,  
In spite of phyfic, painting, pain and cost.

*Melancholy Thoughts.*

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;  
For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
To limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
No matter then altho' my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;  
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
As soon as think the place where he would be.  
But, ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone ;  
But that so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;  
Receiving nought by elements so flow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

The other two, slight air, and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, where-ever I abide ;  
The first my thought, the other my desire ;  
These present, absent, with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker elements are gone,  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;  
Until life's composition be recured,  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but now come back again assured  
Of their fair health, recounting it to me.  
This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,  
I send them back again, and strait grow sad.

*Love's Loss.*

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring :  
Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded,  
Fair creature kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting :  
Like a green plumb, that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls (thro' wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,  
For why? Thou lests me nothing in thy will;  
And yet thou lests me more than I did crave:  
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:  
O yes (dear friend) I pardon crave of thee,  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

*Love's Relief.*

Full many a glorious morning have I seen,  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green;  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;  
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun  
[staineth.  
Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloke,

To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
 'Tis not enough that thro' the cloud thou break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face;  
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
 Nor can thy shame give physick to my grief,  
 Tho' thou repent, yet I have still the cross;  
 Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him, that beareth strong offences cross.  
     Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds;  
     And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done,  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorising thy trespasss with compare,  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
 Excusing their sins more than their sins are:  
 For to my sensual fault I bring incense,  
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate;  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence,  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
     That I an accessory needs must be  
     To that sweet thief which sorely robs from me.

*Unanimity.*

Let me confess, that we two must be twain,  
 Altho' our undivided loves are one:  
 So shall those bolts, that do with me remain  
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.

In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Tho' in our lives a separable spite;  
 Which tho' it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
 Nor thou with publick kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name.  
 But do not so, I love thee in such sort,  
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth;  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Intituled in their parts, do crowned sit,  
 I make my love ingrafted to this store:  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live:  
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;  
 This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

*Loth to depart.*

Good night, good rest; ah! neither be my share:  
 She bad good night, that kept my rest away;  
 And dast me to a cabben hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
 Farewel (quoth she) and come again to-morrow;  
 Farewell I could not, for I supt with sorrow.



140 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn, or friendship, nill I conſter whether:  
It may be the joy'd to jeſt at my exile;  
It may be again to make me wander thither.  
Wander (a word) for ſhadows like thyſelf,  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord! how mine eyes throw gazes to the eaſt!  
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning riſe  
Doth cite each moving ſenſe from idle reſt,  
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes.  
While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,  
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark.

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,  
And drives away dark dreaming night:  
The night ſo packt, I poſt unto my pretty;  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight;  
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, and ſolace mixt with  
ſorrow;  
For why? ſhe ſigh'd, and bad me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon,  
But now are minutes added to the hours:  
To ſpite me now, each minute ſeems an hour,  
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers.  
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now  
borrow,  
Short night, to-night, and length thyſelf to-morrow.

*A Maſter-Piece.*

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath ſeel'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.:

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For thro' the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windows to my breast, where thro' the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

*Happiness in Content.*

Let those who are in favour with their stars,  
 Of publick honour and proud titles boast :  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great princes favourites their fair leaves spread,  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior famoused for worth,  
 After a thousand victories, once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot, for which he toil'd.  
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved,  
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

*A Dutiful Message.*

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit ;

To thee I send this written embassage,  
 To witness duty, not to shew my wit.  
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to shew it;  
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In my soul's thought (all naked) will bestow it.  
 Till whatsoever star, that guides my moving,  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
 To show me worthy of their sweet respect.

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee :

Till then, not show my head, where thou may'st  
 [prove me.

*Go and Come quickly.*

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When that I seek (my weary travel's end)  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
 Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend?  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me ;  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee.  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me, than spurring to his side,  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed.  
 From where thou art, why should I haste me thence?  
 Till I return, of posting is no need.

O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
 Then should I spur tho' mounted on the wind;  
 In winged speed no motion I shall know.  
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,  
 Therefore desire (of perfect love being made)  
 Shall neigh no dull flesh in his fiery race,  
 But love for love thus shall excuse my jade.  
     Since from thee going, he went wilful slow,  
     Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

*Two Faithful Friends.*

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight:  
 Mine eye, my heart their pictures fight would bar,  
 My heart, mine eye the freedom of that right:  
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie;  
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And says, in him their fair appearance lies.  
 To 'cide this title, is impannelled  
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
 And by their verdict is determined  
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part,  
     As thus; mine eyes due is their outward part,  
     And my heart's right, their inward love of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother:  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart.

Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.  
 So either by the picture of my love,  
 Thyself away, are present still with me ;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.  
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart, to heart's and eyes delight.

*Careless Neglect.*

How careful was I, when I took my way  
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust ;  
 That to my use it might unused stay  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust ?  
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief :  
 Thou best of dearest, and mine only care,  
 Are left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
 Save where thou art not ; tho' I feel thou art,  
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
 From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part ;  
 And even thence thou wilt be stoln, I fear ;  
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

*Stout Resolution.*

Against that time (if ever that time come)  
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects ;  
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects :  
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;



When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity :  
 Against that time, do I insconce me here,  
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert ;  
 And this my hand against myself up-rear,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part ;  
     To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,  
     Since why to love, I can alledge no cause.

*A Duel.*

It was a lording's daughter  
 The fairest one of three,  
 That liked of her master, as well as well might be :  
 Till looking on an *Englishman*,  
 The fairest eye could see,  
     Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful,  
 That love with love did fight :  
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight ;  
 To put in practice either,  
 Alas! it was a spite.  
     Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused,  
 More mickle was the pain ;  
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to  
 For of the two the trusty knight [gain :  
 Was wounded with disdain,  
     Alas ! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending,  
 Was victor of the day ;

Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away.  
 Then, lullaby, the learned man  
 Hath got the lady gay :  
 For now my song is ended.

*Love-sick.*

On a day (alack the day !)  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spy'd a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air.  
 Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find,  
 That the lover (sick to death)  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow ;  
 Air ! would I might triumph so !  
 But (alas !) my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy throne ;  
 Vow, (alack !) for youth unmeet  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet ;  
 Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Æthiop were ;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.

*Love's Labour lost.*

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not ; all is amiss :  
 Love is dying, faith's defying,  
 Heart's denying, causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
 All my lady's love is lost (God wot)

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
There a nay is plac'd, without remove.  
One silly cross wrought all my loss;  
O! frowning fortune, curst fickle dame!  
For now I see inconstancy  
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,  
Love hath forlorn me living in thrall;  
Heart is bleeding, all help needing;  
O! cruel speeding, fraught with gall!  
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal  
My weather's bell-rings doleful knell;  
My curtail dog, that wot to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid.  
With sighs so deep, procures to weep  
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight;  
How sighs resound thro' heartless ground,  
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not forth their dye;  
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphs black peeping fearfully.  
All our pleasure known to us poor swains;  
All our merry meetings on the plains;  
All our evening sport from us is fled;  
All our love is lost, for love is dead.  
Farewel, sweet love, thy like ne'er was,  
For a sweet content, the cause of all my woe;  
Poor Coridon must live alone,  
Other help for him, I see, that there is none.

*Wholesome Counsel.*

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike;  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as fancy (partly all might)  
     Take counsel of some wiser head,  
     Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk;  
 Lest she some subtle practice smell:  
 A cripple soon can find a halt.  
     But plainly say, thou lov'st her well,  
     And set her person forth to sale.

What tho' her frowning brows be bent,  
 Her cloudy looks will calm e'er night;  
 And then too late she will repent,  
 That thus dissembled her delight;  
     And twice desire, ere it be day,  
     That which with scorn she put away.

What tho' she strive to try her strength,  
 And ban, and brawl, and say thee nay;  
 Her feeble force will yield at length,  
 When craft hath taught her thus to say:  
     Had women been so strong as men,  
     In faith, you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy ways,  
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,  
 Where thy desert may merit praise,  
 By ringing in thy lady's ear:

The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble true;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Please never thou to chuse a-new.  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, tho' she put it back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward shew  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men  
To sin, and never for to faint:  
There is no heaven (by holy then)  
When time with age shall them attain.  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I fear,  
Lest that my mistress hear my song;  
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long.  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewraid.

*Sat Fuisse.*

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part;



And for this sin there is no remedy,  
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
 Methinks no face so gracious is, as mine;  
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
 And for myself mine own worth do define,  
 As I all other in all worths surmount.  
 But when my glass shews me myself indeed,  
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity;  
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,  
 Self, so self-loving, were iniquity:  
 'Tis thee (my self) that for myself I praise,  
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

*A Living Monument.*

Not marble, nor the gilded monument  
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents,  
 Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.  
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry;  
 Nor Mars's sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.  
 'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity,  
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
 So till the judgment, that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers eyes.

*Familiarity breeds Contempt.*

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,

The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare;  
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 Like stone of worth they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the carconet.  
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special blest,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
 Being had to triumph, being lack'd to hope.

*Patiens Armatus.*

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open  
 My heavy eye-lids to the weary night?  
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken;  
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?  
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee,  
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
 To find out shames, and idle hours in me,  
 The scope and tenure of thy jealousy?  
 O! no, thy love, tho' much is not so great;  
 It is my love, that keeps mine eye awake;  
 Mine own true love, that doth my rest defeat,  
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake.  
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
 From me far off, with others all too near.

*A Valediction.*

No longer mourn for me when I am dead;  
 When you shall hear the surly sullen bell.

Give warning to the world, that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.  
 Nay, if you read this line remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts wou'd be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay;  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay :  
     Left the wise world should look into your moan,  
     And mock you with me after I am gone.

O! lest the world should task you, to recite  
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love;  
 After my death (dear love!) forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove :  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lye,  
 To do more for me now, than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,  
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart.  
 O! lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue;  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me, nor you :  
     For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth;  
     And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

But be contented, when that fell arrest,  
 Without all bail, shall carry me away;  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee :

The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;  
 My sprite is thine, the better part of me.  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be rememb'ed.

The worth of that, is that which it contains ;  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

*Nil Magnis Invidia.*

That thou art blam'd, shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair :  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect ;  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth not approve  
 Their worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assail'd, or victor, being charg'd ;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd ;  
 If some suspect of ill, mask not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

*Love-Sick.*

O how I faint, when I of you do write !  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name ;  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame.  
 But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear ;

My saucy bark (inferior far to his)  
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up a float;  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
 Or (being wreck'd) I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride.  
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this, my love was my decay.

Or shall I live your epitaph to make?  
 Or you survive, when I in earth am rotten?  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Altho' in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Tho' I (once gone) to all the world must die;  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombed in mens eyes shall lie:  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
 Where breath most breathes, ev'n in the mouths of  
 men.

*The Picture of True Love.*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments; love is not love,  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove.  
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken:  
 It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken



Love's not time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks  
 With his bending sickle's compass come :  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it down even to the edge of doom.  
     If this be error, and upon me proved,  
     I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*In Praise of his Love.*

I grant thou wert not marry'd to my muse,  
 And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book :  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue ;  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;  
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek a-new  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days :  
 And do so love, yet when they have devis'd  
 What strained touches rhetorick can lend,  
 Thou truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd,  
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend.  
     And their gross painting might be better us'd,  
     Where cheeks need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And therefore to you fair no painting set :  
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt :  
 And therefore have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself being extant, well might show,  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
 This silence of my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;

For I impair not beauty, being mute,  
 When others wou'd give life, and bring a tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Who is it, that says most, which can say more  
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?  
 In whose confine immured is the store,  
 Which should example where your equal grew.  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory :  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear ;  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his writ,  
 Making him still admir'd every where.  
 You to your beauteous blessing add a curse,  
 Being fond of praise, which makes your praises  
 worse.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
 Reserve their character with golden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.  
 I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,  
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
 Hearing you praised, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,  
 And to the most of praise add something more ;  
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you  
 (Tho' words come hindmost) holds his ranks before :  
 Then others, for the breath of words, respect ;  
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

*A Resignation.*

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of (all-too-precious) you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain rehearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He nor that affable familiar ghost,  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence.

But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter, that infeebl'd mine.

Farewel, thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And, like enough, thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee, but by thy granting,  
And for that riches, where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking:  
So thy great gift upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

*Sympathizing Love.*

As it fell upon a day,  
In the merry month of May,

Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
 Which a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring :  
 Every thing did banish moan,  
 Save the nightingale alone;  
 She (poor bird !) as all forlorn,  
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
 That to hear it was great pity :  
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;  
*Tereu, Tereu*, by and by ;  
 That to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain :  
 For her griefs so lovely shown,  
 Made me think upon mine own.  
 Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain,  
 None takes pity on thy pain :  
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;  
 Ruthless bears, they will not chear thee ;  
 King Pandion he is dead ;  
 All thy friends are lap'd in lead ;  
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
 Careless of thy sorrowing :  
 Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,  
 Thou and I were both beguil'd ;  
 Every one that flatters thee,  
 Is no friend in misery.  
 Words are easy, like the wind,  
 Faithful friends are hard to find :  
 Every man will be thy friend,  
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :  
 But if store of crowns be scant,  
 No man will supply thy want.

If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call :  
And with such-like flattering,  
Pity but he was a king.  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment:  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown :  
They that fawn'd on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need :  
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;  
If thou awake, he cannot sleep.  
Thus of every grief in heart,  
He with thee doth bear a part:  
These are certain signs, to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

*A Request to his Scornful Love.*

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
Upon thy side, against thyself I'll fight,  
And prove thee virtuous, tho' thou art forsworn.  
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted :  
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory :  
And I by this will be a gainer too.  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee ;  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee 'vantage, double 'vantage me.



Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right, myself will bear all wrong.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence ;  
Speak of my lameness, and I strait will halt ;  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace ; knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;  
Be absent from thy walks, and on my tongue  
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,  
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
For thee, against myself, I'll vow debate ;  
For I must ne'er love him, whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now,  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after loss :  
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,  
Come in the rereward of a conquer'd woe !  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite ;  
But in the onset come, so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might.  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,

Some in their garments, tho' new-fangled ill ;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse :  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.  
But these particulars are not my measure,  
All these I better, in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments cost ;  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be :  
And having thee, of all mens pride I boast.  
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take  
All this away, and me most wretched make.

*A Lover's Affection, though his Love prove Unconstant.*

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine ;  
And life no longer than my love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end ;  
I see a better state to me belongs,  
Than that which on my humour doth depend.  
'Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie ;  
Oh ! what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !  
But what's so blessed fair, that fears no blot ?  
'Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
May still seem love to me, tho' alter'd new ;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In manies looks the false hear t's history  
 Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange :  
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts, or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks shall nothing thence-but sweetness tell.  
     How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
     If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they must do, show ;  
 Who moving others, are themselves as stone  
 Unmoved, cold and to temptation flow :  
 They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expence ;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Tho' to itself it only live and die ;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity :  
     For sweetest things turn fourest by their deeds ;  
     Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name ?  
 Oh ! in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose !  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 (Making lascivious comments on thy sport)  
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise ;  
 Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.

Oh! what a mansion have those vices got,  
Which for their habitation chuse out thee:  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all-things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege,  
The hardest knife, ill us'd, doth lose his edge.

*Complaint for his Lover's Absence.*

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?  
What old December's barrenness every where?  
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;  
The teeming autumn big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease.  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,  
But hope of orphans and un-father'd fruit;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And thou away, the very birds are mute:  
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud py'd April (drest in all his trim)  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Cou'd make me any summer's story tell;  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.  
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;

They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;  
Sweet thief ! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
smells.

If not from my love's breath ? the purple pride,  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd :  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair ;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
A third nor red, nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath ;  
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

*An Invocation to his Muse.*

Where art thou muse, that thou forget'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects light ?  
Return, forgetful muse, and strait redeem,  
In gentle numbers, time so idly spent ;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
And give thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
If time hath any wrinkle graven there ;



If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make time's spoils despised every where.  
 Give my love fame, faster than time wastes life,  
 So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

Oh! truant muse! whall shall be thy amends,  
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?  
 But truth and beauty on my love depends:  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.  
 Make answer, muse, wilt thou not haply say,  
 Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;  
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
 But best is best, if never intermix'd.  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
 Excuse no silence so, for't lies in thee  
 To make her much out-live a gilded tomb,  
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.  
 Then do thy office, muse, I teach thee how  
 To make her seem long hence, as she shows now.

*Constant Affection.*

To me, fair love, you never can be old;  
 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forest shook three summers pride;  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow Autumn turn'd,  
 In process of the seasons, have I seen;  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you, fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no place perceiv'd;  
 So your sweet hue, which, methinks, still does stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,  
Ere you was born, was beauty's summer dead.

Let not my love be call'd Idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idle show;  
Since all alike my songs and praises be  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so:  
Kind is my love to day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wond'rous excellence;  
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument;  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
And in this change is my invention spent;  
Three themes in one, which wond'rous scope affords.  
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone:  
Which three, till now, have never sate in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time,  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antic pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all our prefiguring;  
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not still enough their worth to sing:  
For we who now behold these present days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

*Amazement.*

My love is strength'ned, tho' more weak in seeming;  
 ing;

I love not less, tho' less the show appear:  
 That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming  
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it in my lays;  
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days.  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now,  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the  
 night;

But that wild musick burdens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common, lose their dear delight.  
 Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth!  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument all bare, is of more worth,  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
 Oh! blame me not, if I can no more write!  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face,  
 That overgoes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing my disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend,  
 Than of your graces, and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can fit,  
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

*A Lover's Excuse for his long Absence.*

Oh ! never say that I was false of heart,  
 Tho' absence seem'd my flame to qualify ;  
 As easy might I from myself depart,  
 As from my soul which in my breast doth lie.  
 That is my home of love ; if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I return again  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd ;  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, tho' in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties, that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :  
     For nothing this wide universe I call,  
     Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

Alas ! 'tis true, I have gone here and there ;  
 And made myself a motly to thy view ;  
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, fold cheap what is most  
     dear ;  
 Made old offences of affections new.  
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely : but by all above,  
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 And worst affays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end,  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
     Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
     Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

*A Complaint.*

Oh! for my sake do you with fortune chide  
 The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide,  
 Than publick means which publick manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it, that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.  
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst like a willing patient I will drink  
 Potions of eyfel 'gainst my strong infection,  
 No bitterness, that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill,  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-screens my bad, my good allow?  
 You are my all, the world and I must strive,  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.  
 In so profound abysme I throw all care  
 Of others voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critick and to flatterer stopped are:  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense.  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides me thinks I'm dead.

H



*Self Flattery of her Beauty.*

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,  
 And that which governs me to go about,  
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind ;  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out.  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of birds, or flower, or shape, which it doth lack ;  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch :  
 For if it see the rude'st or gentle'st sight,  
 The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :  
     Incapable of more, replete with you,  
     My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?  
 Or whether shall I say mine eye faith true,  
 And that your love taught it the alchymy ?  
 To make of monsters, and things indigest,  
 Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble ;  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?  
 Oh ! 'tis the first, 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kindly drinks it up ;  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup.  
     If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin,  
     That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those lines, that I before have writ, do lye,  
 E'en those that said I could not love you dearer :

Yet then my judgment knew no reason why,  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
 But reck'ning time, whose million accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
 Can sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things:  
 Alas! why fearing of time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, now I love you best,  
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
 Love is a babe, then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

*A Trial of Love's Constancy.*

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all,  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
 And given to time your own dear purchas'd right;  
 That I have hoisted sails to all the winds,  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
 Book both my wilfulness and error down,  
 And on just proof surmise, accumulate;  
 Bring me within the level of your frown,  
 But shoot not at me in your wakened hate:  
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

Like as you make your appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;  
 As to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken, to shun sickness, when we purge:

Even so being full of your near cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter fauces did I frame my feeding ;  
 And sick of welfare, found a kind of meekness,  
 To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.  
 'Thus policy in love, t' anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which rank of goodness would by ill be cured.  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that fell so sick of you.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,  
 Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within ?  
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win.  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never ?  
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
 In the distraction of this madding fever ?  
 Oh ! benefit of ill ! now I find true,  
 That better is by evil still made better ;  
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuke to my content,  
 And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.

*A good Construction of his Love's Unkindness.*

That you were once unkind befriends me now ;  
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, y' have pat's'd a hell of time ;

And I a tyrant have no leisure taken,  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
Oh! that our night of woe might have remembered  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
And soon to you, as you to me then tendered  
The humble salve, which wounded bosoms fits!

But that your trespass now becomes a fee,  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

*Error in Opinion.*

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be, receives reproach of being;  
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,  
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.  
For why should others false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
Or on my frailties, why are frailer spies;  
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
No, I am that I am, and they that level  
At my abuses, reckon up their own;  
I may be straight, tho' they themselves be bevel;  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

*Upon the Receipt of a Table-Book from his Mistress.*

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain,  
Full character'd with a lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
Beyond all date, even to eternity;  
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist;

Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be mist.  
 That poor retention could not so much hold,  
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;  
 Therefore to give them from me, was I bold  
 To trust those tables that receive thee more :  
     To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
     Were to import forgetfulness in me.

*A Vow.*

No, Time ! thou shalt not boast that I do change,  
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might,  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;  
 And rather make them born to our desire,  
 Than think that we before have heard them told.  
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wond'ring at the present nor the past ;  
 For thy records, and what we see doth lye,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
     This I do vow, and this shall ever be ;  
     I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

*Love's Safety.*

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for fortune's bastard be un-father'd ;  
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.  
 No, it was builded far from accident,  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls



Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls :  
It fears not policy, that heretick,  
Which works on leases of short number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politick,  
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.  
To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

*An Intreaty for her Acceptance.*

Where it ought to be, I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honouring;  
Or laid great bases for eternity,  
Which prove more short than waste or ruining.  
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour,  
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent  
For compound sweet, foregoing simple favour?  
Pitiful thrivers in their gazing spent,  
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblation poor but free,  
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
But mutual render, only me for thee.  
Hence thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,  
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy controul.

*Upon her playing on the Virginals.*

How oft when thou thy musick, musick-play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st.  
The witty concord that mine ear confounds;  
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap,  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,

Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness, by thee blushing stand  
To be so tickled they would change their state,  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
O'er whom their fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.  
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

*Immoderate Lust.*

Th' expence of spirit in a waste of shame,  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despis'd straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated as a swallow'd bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:  
Made in pursuit and in possession so,  
Had, having, and in quest, to have extreme,  
A bliss in proof, and proud and every woe;  
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell;

*In praise of her beauty, though black.*

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name:  
But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:  
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
 But is profan'd; if not, lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem,  
 At such who not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
 That every tongue says beauty should look so.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,  
 Coral is far more red than her lips red;  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses, damask, red, and white;  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks:  
 And in some perfumes there is more delight,  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,  
 That musick hath a far more pleasing sound:  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she, bely'd with false compare.

Thou art tyrannous, so thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel:  
 For well thou know'st to my dear doating heart,  
 Thou art the fairest, and most precious jewel.  
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;  
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
 Altho' I swear it to myself alone.  
 And to be sure that is not false I swear;  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,

One on another's neck do witness bear :  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And truly not the morning-sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east ;  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even,  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face :  
 Oh ! let it then as well beseem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And sute thy pity like in every part.  
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

*Unkind Abuse.*

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan,  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me ;  
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweetest friend must be ?  
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;  
 Of him, myself, and thee I am forsaken,  
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail.

And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confest that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore to me, my comfort still.  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;  
He learn'd, but surety-like to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use;  
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake,  
So him I lose thro' my unkind abuse.  
Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me;  
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

*Love Suit.*

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,  
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus;  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store;  
So thou being rich in Will, add to thy Will  
One will of mine, to make thy large Will more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,  
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.



If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will;  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.  
 Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 I fill it full with wills, and my will one:  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Tho' in thy store's account I one must be:  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
 And then thou lov'st me, for my name is Will.

*His Heart wounded by her Eye.*

Thou blind fool, love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies;  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride;  
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not [place?  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face;  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

O! call not me to justify the wrong,  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art:  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside;  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide? [might  
 Let me excuse thee; ah! my love well knows,  
 Her pretty looks have been my enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes.  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.

Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press  
 My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain:  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of thy pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach you wit, better it were,  
 'Tho' not to love yet love to tell me so:  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know.  
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee;  
 Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,  
 Bear thine eyes strait, tho' thy proud heart go wide.

*A Protestation.*

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to doat.

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee;  
 Who lives unfway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin, rewards my pain.

Love is my sin, and my dear virtue hate;  
 Hate of sin, grounded on a sinful loving:  
 O! but with mine, compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving:  
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
 Robb'd others beds revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful, I love thee, as thou lov'st those,  
 Whom thine eyes woo, as mine importune thee;  
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

*An Allusion.*

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away;  
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch,  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay:  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her, whose busy care is bent.

To follow that which flies before her face;  
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent.  
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;  
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.  
So will I pray, that thou may'st have thy Will,  
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

*Life and Death.*

Those lips that love's own hand did make,  
Breath'd forth the sound that said, I hate,  
To me that languish'd for her sake:  
But when she saw my woful state,  
Strait in her heart did mercy come;  
Chiding that tongue, that, ever sweet,  
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,  
And taught it thus a-new to greet:  
*I hate*, she alter'd with an end  
That follow'd it, as gentle day  
Doth follow night, who like a fiend,  
From heaven to hell is flown away.  
*I hate*, from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying *not you*.

*A Consideration of Death.*

Poor soul! the center of my sinful earth,  
My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Raining thy outward walls in costly clay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy faded mansion spend?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
 Then, foul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more.  
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
 And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

*Immoderate Passion.*

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve;  
 Desire is death, which physick did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past cure;  
 And frantick mad with evermore unrest,  
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd.  
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

*Love's Powerful Subtlety.*

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
 Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes doat,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?



If it be not, then love doth well denote,  
Love's eye is not so true as all mens. No,  
How can it? O how can love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
No marvel then, tho' I mistake my view;  
'The sun itself sees not, till Heaven clears,  
O! cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me  
blind,  
Left eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

Can'st thou, O cruel! say I love thee not?  
When I against myself with thee partake?  
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
All of myself, all tyrant for thy sake?  
Who hatest thou, that I do call my friend?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise;  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
But, love, hate on; for now I know thy mind;  
Those that can see, thou lov'st; and I am blind.

Oh! from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
With insufficiency my heart to sway;  
To make me give the lye to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That in my mind thy worst all bests exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?

Oh! tho' I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state.  
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee:

*Retaliation.*

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
 As every alien pen hath got my use,  
 And under thee their poetry disperse.  
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty:  
 Yet be most proud of that, which I compile;  
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee;  
 In others works thou dost but mend the stile,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be:—  
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance,  
 As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
 And my sick muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love! thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again;  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour. Beauty doth he give,  
 And found it in thy cheek. He can afford  
 No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay.

*Sun set.*

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang  
Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd quires, where late the sweet birds sang,  
In me thou see'st the twilights of such day,  
As after sun-set fadeth in the west;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

'Tis thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
strong

To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear;  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.  
The wrinkles, which thy glass will truly show,  
Of mouthed graves will give the memory:  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look what thy memory cannot contain,  
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

*A Monument to Fame.*

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick soul  
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love controul,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage:  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time,  
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes;  
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants crests and tombs of brass are spent.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
 What's new to speak, what now to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
 Nothing, sweet love! but yet like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same;  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 E'en as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,  
 Weighs not the dust and injuries of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page:  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Where time and outward form would shew it dead.

*Perjury.*

Love is too young to know what conscience is,  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

Then gentle cheater urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
For thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love, flesh stays no farther reason :  
But rising at thy name doth point out thee,  
As his triumphant prize ; proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it, that I call  
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

In loving thee, thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing ;  
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee ;  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness ;  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;  
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness ;  
Or made them swear against the thing they see.  
For I have sworn thee fair ; more perjur'd I,  
'To swear against the truth so foul a lye.

*The Tale of Cephalus and Procris.*

Beneath Hymettus' hill, well cloth'd with flowers,  
A holy well her soft springs gently pours :  
Where stands a cops, in which the wood-nymphs shrove,  
(No wood) it rather seems a slender grove.



The humble shrubs and bushes hide the grass,  
Here laurel, rosemary, here myrtle was :  
Here grew thick box, and tam'risk, that excels,  
And made a mere confusion of sweet smells ;  
The triffoley, the pine ; and on this heath  
Stands many a plant that feels cold Zephyr's breath.  
Here the young Cephalus, tir'd in the chace,  
Us'd his repose and rest alone t' embrace ;  
And where he sat, these words he would repeat,  
' Come air, sweet air, come cool my mighty heat !  
' Come, gentle air, I never will forsake thee,  
' I'll hug thee thus, and in my bosom take thee."  
Some double duteous tell-tale hapt to hear this,  
And to his jealous wife doth straitway bear this ;  
Which Procris hearing, and withal the name  
Of air, sweet air, which he did oft proclaim,  
She stands confounded, and amaz'd with grief,  
By giving this fond tale too sound belief.  
And looks, as do the trees by winter nipt,  
Whom frost and cold of fruit and leaves half stript.  
She bends like corveil, when too rank it grows,  
Or when the ripe fruits clog the quince-tree boughs.  
But when she comes t' herself, she tears  
Her garments, eyes, her cheeks, and hairs ;  
And then she starts, and to her feet applies her,  
Then to the wood (stark wood) in rage she hies her.  
Approaching somewhat near, her servants they  
By her appointment in a valley stay ;  
While she alone, with creeping paces, steals  
To take the strumpet, whom her lord conceals.  
What mean'st thou, Procris, in these groves to hide  
thee ?  
What rage of love doth to this madness guide thee?  
Thou hop'st the air he calls, in all her bravery,  
Will strait approach, and thou shalt see their knavery.

And now again it irks her to be there,  
 For such a killing sight her heart will tear.  
 No truce can with her troubled thoughts dispense,  
 She would not now be there, nor yet be thence.  
 Behold the place her jealous mind foretels,  
 Here do they use to meet, and no where else :  
 The grass is laid, and see their true impression,  
 Even here they lay ! aye, here was their transgression.  
 A body's print she saw, it was his seat,  
 Which makes her faint heart 'gainst her ribs to beat.  
 Phœbus the lofty eastern hill had scal'd,  
 And all moist vapours from the earth exhal'd.  
 Now in this noon-tide point he shineth bright,  
 It was the middle hour, 'twixt noon and night.  
 Behold young Cephalus draws to the place,  
 And with the fountain-water sprinks his face.  
 Procris is hid, upon the grass he lies,  
 And come sweet Zephyr, come sweet air he cries.  
 She sees her error now from where he stood,  
 Her mind returns to her, and her fresh blood ;  
 Among the shrubs and briars she moves and rustles,  
 And the injurious boughs away she justles,  
 Intending, as he lay there to repose him,  
 Nimble to run, and in her arms inclose him.  
 He quickly casts his eye upon the bush,  
 Thinking therein some savage beast did rush ;  
 His bow he bends, and a keen shaft he draws :  
 Unhappy man, what dost thou ? stay, and pause,  
 It is no brute beast thou would'st 'reave of life ;  
 O ! man unhappy ! thou hast slain thy wife !  
 O heaven ! she cries, O help me ! I am slain ;  
 Still doth thy arrow in my wound remain.  
 Yet tho' by timeless fate my bones here lie,  
 It glads me most, that I no cuck-quean die.

Her breath (thus in the arms she most affected)  
 She breathes into the air (before suspected)  
 The whilst he lifts her body from the ground,  
 And with his tears doth wash her bleeding wound.

*Cupid's Treachery.*

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;  
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
 And his love kindling fire did quickly steep  
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
 Which borrow'd from his holy fire of love,  
 A dateless lively heat still to endure,  
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
 But at my mistress' eyes love's brand new fired,  
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
 I sick withal the help of bath desired,  
 And thither hied a sad distemper'd guest:  
     But found no cure, the bath for my help lies,  
     When Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

The little love god lying once asleep,  
 Laid by his side his heart in flaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,  
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand,  
 The fairest votary took up that fire,  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
 And so the general of hot desire  
 Was sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,

Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

*That Menelaus was the Cause of his own Wrongs.*

When Menelaus from his house is gone,  
Poor Helen is afraid to lie alone;  
And to allay these fears (lodg'd in her breast)  
In her warm bosom she receives her guest.  
What madness was this, Menelaus, say?  
Thou art abroad, whilst in thy house doth stay,  
Under the self same roof, thy guest, and love:  
Madman! unto the hawk thou trusts the dove.  
And who but such a gull, would give to keep  
Unto the mountain wolf, full folds of sheep?  
Helen is blameless, so is Paris too,  
And did what thou, or I myself would do.  
The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face,  
By limiting these lovers, time and place.  
From thee the seeds of all thy wrongs are grown,  
Whose counsels have they follow'd but thine own?  
Alack! what should they do? abroad thou art,  
At home thou leav'st thy guest to play thy part.  
To lie alone, the poor queen is afraid,  
In the next room an amorous stranger staid;  
Her arms are ope t' embrace him, he falls in:  
And, Paris, I acquit thee of the sin.

*And in another Place somewhat resembling this.*

Orestes liked, but not loved dearly  
Hermione, till he had lost her clearly.  
Sad Menelaus! why dost thou lament  
Thy late mishap? I prithee be content.

Thou know'st the amorous Helen fair and sweet ;  
And yet without her didst thou fail to Crete.  
And thou wast blithe, and merry all the way ;  
But when thou saw'st she was the Trojan's prey,  
Then wast thou mad for her, and for thy life,  
'Thou canst not now one minute want thy wife.  
So stout Achilles, when his lovely bride,  
Briseis, was dispos'd to great Atride,  
Nor was he vainly mov'd, Atrides too  
Offer'd no more, than he of force must do.  
I should have done as much, to set her free ;  
Yet I (Heaven knows) am not so wise as he.

*Vulcan was Jupiter's Smith, an excellent Workman,  
on whom the Poets father many rare Works, among  
which I find this one.*

Mars and Venus.

This tale is blaz'd thro' Heaven, how once un'ware,  
Venus and Mars were took in Vulcan's snare.  
The god of war doth in his brow discover  
The perfect and true pattern of a lover.  
Nor could the goddess Venus be so cruel  
To deny Mars (soft kindness is a jewel  
In any woman, and becomes her well)  
In this the queen of love doth most excel.  
(Oh Heaven!) how often have they mockt and flouted  
The smith's polt-foot (whilst nothing he misdoubted)  
Made jests of him, and his begrimed trade ;  
And his smoo'g'd visage black with coal-dust made.  
Mars, tickled with loud laughter, when he saw  
Venus like Vulcan limp, to halt and draw



One foot behind another, with sweet grace,  
To counterfeit his lame uneven pace.  
Their meetings first the lovers hide with fear  
From every jealous eye, and captious ear.  
The god of war, and love's lascivious dame,  
In publick view were full of bathful shame.  
But the Sun spies how this sweet pair agree,  
(O what, bright Phœbus, can be hid from thee ?)  
The Sun both sees and blabs the sight forthwith,  
And in all post he speeds to tell the smith.  
O Sun! what bad examples dost thou show ?  
What thou in secret seest, must all men know ?  
For silence, ask a bribe from her fair treasure ;  
She'll grant thee that shall make thee swell with  
pleasure.

The god, whose face is smoog'd with smoke and  
fire,

Placeth about their bed a net of wire ;  
So quaintly made, that it deceives the eye.  
Strait (as he feigns) to Lemnos he must hie.  
The lovers meet, where he the train hath set,  
And both lie fast catch'd in a wiry net ;  
He calls the gods, the lovers naked sprall,  
And cannot rise ; the queen of love shews all.  
Mars chafes, and Venus weeps, neither can flinch ;  
Grappled they lie, in vain they kick and wince.  
Their legs are one within another ty'd,  
Their hand so fast, that they can nothing hide.  
Amongst these high spectators, one by chance,  
That saw them naked in this pitfall dance,  
Thus to himself said ; if it tedious be,  
Good god of war, bestow thy place on me.

*The History how the Minotaur was begot.*

Ida of cedars and tall trees stands full,  
Where fed the glory of the herd, a bull  
Snow-white, save 'twixt his horns one spot there  
grew ;  
Save that one stain, he was of milky hue.  
'This fair steer did the heifers of the groves  
Desire to bear, as prince of all the droves.  
But most Pasiphae, with adulterous breath,  
Envies the wanton heifers to the death.  
'Tis said, that for this bull the doating lass  
Did use to crop young boughs, and mow fresh grass ;  
Nor was the amorous Cretan queen afraid,  
To grow a kind companion to the herd.  
'Thus thro' the champion she is madly borne,  
And a wild bull to Minos gives the horn.  
'Tis not for bravery he can love or loath thee,  
Then why Pasiphae dost thou richly clothe thee ?  
Why should'st thou thus thy face and looks prepare ?  
What mak'st thou with thy glass ordering thy hair ?  
Unless thy glass could make thee seem a cow ;  
But how can horns grow on that tender brow ?  
If Minos please thee, no adulterer seek thee ;  
Or if thy husband Minos do not like thee,  
But thy lascivious thoughts are still increas'd,  
Deceive him with a man, not with a beast.  
Thus by the queen the wild woods are frequented,  
And leaving the king's bed, she is contented  
To use the groves, borne by the rage of mind,  
Even as a ship with a full eastern wind.  
Some of these strumpet heifers the queen slew,  
Her smoking altars their warm bloods imbrue ;  
Whilst by the sacrificing priest she stands,  
And gripes their trembling entrails in her hands ;

At length, the captain of the herd beguil'd  
 With a cow's skin, by curious art compil'd,  
 'The longing queen obtains her full desire,  
 And in her infant's form bewrays the fire.

*This Minotaur, when he came to Growth, was inclos'd  
 in the Labyrinth, which was made by the curious  
 Arts-master Dedalus, whose Tale likewise we thus  
 pursue.*

When Dedalus the labyrinth had built,  
 In which t' include the queen Pasiphae's guilt,  
 And that the time was now expired full,  
 T' inclose the Minotaur, half man, half bull:  
 Kneeling, he says, Just Minos end my moans,  
 And let my native soil intomb my bones:  
 Or if, dread sovereign, I deserve no grace,  
 Look with a piteous eye on my son's face;  
 And grant me leave, from whence we are exil'd,  
 Or pity me, if you deny my child.

This, and much more, he speaks, but all in vain,  
 The king both son and father will detain:  
 Which he perceiving, says; Now, now, 'tis fit,  
 To give the world cause to admire my wit:  
 Both land and sea are watch'd by day and night;  
 Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight,  
 Only the air remains; then let us try  
 To cut a passage thro' the air and fly.  
 Jove be auspicious in my enterprize,  
 I covet not to mount above the skies:  
 But make this refuge, since I can prepare  
 No means to fly my lord but thro' the air.  
 Make me immortal, bring me to the brim  
 Of the black Stygian water Styx, I'll swim.

Oh! human wit, thou canst invent much ill,  
Thou searchest strange arts; who would think, by  
skill,

A heavy man, like a light bird, should stray,  
And thro' the empty heavens find a way?  
He placeth in just order all his quills,  
Whose bottoms with resolved wax he fills;  
Then binds them with a line, and b'ing fast ty'd,  
He placeth them like oars on either side.  
The tender lad the downy feathers blew,  
And what his father meant, he nothing knew.  
The wax he fasten'd, with the strings he play'd,  
Not thinking for his shoulders they were made;  
To whom his father spake (and then look'd pale)  
With these swift ships, we to our land must sail.  
All passages doth cruel Minos stop,  
Only the empty air he still leaves ope.  
That way must we; the land and the rough deep  
Doth Minos bar, the air he cannot keep.  
But in thy way, beware thou set no eye  
On the sign Virgo, nor Bootes high:  
Look not the black Orion in the face,  
That shakes his sword, but just with me keep pace.  
Thy wings are now in fast'ning, follow me,  
I will before thee fly; as thou shalt see  
Thy father mount or stoop, so I aread thee;  
Make me thy guard, and safely I will lead thee;  
If we should soar too near great Phœbus' seat,  
The melting wax will not endure the heat:  
Or if we fly too near the humid seas,  
Our moisten'd wings we cannot shake with ease.  
Fly between both, and with the gusts that rise,  
Let thy light body sail amidst the skies.  
And ever as his little son he charms,  
He fits the feathers to his tender arms:

And shews him how to move his body light,  
 As birds first teach their little young ones flight.  
 By this he calls to counsel all his wits,  
 And his own wings unto his shoulders fits :  
 Being about to rise, he fearful quakes,  
 And in this new way his faint body shakes.  
 First, ere he took his flight, he kiss'd his son,  
 Whilst by his cheeks the brinish waters run.  
 There was a hillock not so tow'ring tall,  
 As lofty mountains be, nor yet so small  
 To be with valleys even and yet a hill ;  
 From this, thus both attempt their uncouth skill.  
 The father moves his wings, and with respect  
 His eyes upon his wandering son reflect.  
 They bear a spacious course, and the apt boy,  
 Fearless of harm, in his new track doth joy,  
 And flies more boldly. Now upon them looks  
 The fishermen, that angle in the brooks ;  
 And with their eyes cast upward, frighted stand.  
 By this, is Samos isle on their left hand ;  
 Upon the right, Lebinthos they forsake,  
 Astipale and the fishy lake ;  
 Shady Pachine full of woods and groves.  
 When the rash youth, too bold in vent'ring, roves ;  
 Loseth his guide, and takes his flight so high,  
 That the soft wax against the sun doth fry,  
 And the cords slip that kept the feathers fast,  
 So that his arms have power upon no blast.  
 He fearfully from the high clouds looks down  
 Upon the lower heavens, whose curl'd waves frown  
 At his ambitious height, and from the skies  
 He sees black night and death before his eyes.  
 Still melts the wax, his naked arm he shakes,  
 And thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes,



But now the naked lad down headlong falls,  
 And by the way, <sup>th</sup> father, father, calls;  
 Help, father, help, I die: and as he speaks,  
 A violent surge his course of language breaks.  
 Th' happy father (but no father now)  
 Cries out aloud, Son Icarus where art thou?  
 Where art thou, Icarus, where dost thou fly?  
 Icarus where art? when lo, he may espy  
 The feathers swim; aloud he doth exclaim:  
 The earth his bones, the sea still bears his name.

*Achilles his Concealment of his sex in the Court of  
 Lycomedes.*

Now from another world doth sail with joy,  
 A welcome daughter to the king of Troy.  
 The whilst the Grecians are already come,  
 (Mov'd with that general wrong 'gainst Ilium)  
 Achilles in a smock his sex doth smother,  
 And lays the blame upon his careful mother.  
 What mak'st thou, great Achilles, teasing wool,  
 When Pallas in a helm should clasp thy skull?  
 What do these fingers with fine threads of gold,  
 Which were more fit a warlike shield to hold?  
 Why should that right hand rock or tow contain,  
 By which the Trojan Hector must be slain?  
 Cast off thy loose veils, and thy armour take,  
 And in thy hand the spear of Pallas shake.  
 Thus lady like he with a lady lay,  
 Till what he was, her belly must bewray;  
 Yet was she forc'd (so should we all believe)  
 Not to be forc'd so, now her heart would grieve.  
 When he should rise from her, still would she cry,  
 (For he had arm'd him, and his rock laid by)

And with a soft voice speak : Achilles say,  
 It is too soon to rise, lie down I pray,  
 And then the man that forc'd her she would kiss :  
 What force (Deidæmea) call you this ?

*A Lover's Complaint.*

From off a hill, whose concave womb reworded  
 A plaintful story from a sist'ring vale,  
 My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,  
 And down I laid to list the sad tun'd tale.  
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
 Storming her words with sorrow's wind and rain :  
 Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
 Which fortify'd her visage from the sun,  
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.  
 Time had not scithed all that youth begun,  
 Nor youth all quit ; but spite of heaven's fell rage,  
 Some beauty peep'd thro' lattice of fear'd age,  
 Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,  
 Which on it had conceited characters ;  
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine,  
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears ;  
 And often reading what contents it bears :  
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.  
 Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,  
 As they did battery to the spheres intend ;  
 Sometimes diverted, their poor balls are ty'd  
 To th' orb'd earth ; sometimes they do extend  
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend  
 To every place at once, and no where fix'd,  
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor ty'd in formal plat,  
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;  
 For some untuck'd descended her shav'd hat,  
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
 Some in her thredden fillet still did bide,  
 And true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
 Tho' slackly braided in loose negligence.  
 A thousand favours from a maund she drew,  
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet;  
 Which one by one she in a river threw,  
 Upon whose weeping margin she was set,  
 Like usury, applying wet to wet;  
 Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall,  
 Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.  
 Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;  
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud:  
 Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
 With sleided silk, feat and affectedly  
 Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.  
 These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
 And often kiss'd, and often gave a tear;  
 Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lyes,  
 What unapproved witness dost him bear!  
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!  
 This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.  
 A reverend man, that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew  
 Of court, of city, and had let go by  
 The swiftest hours observed as they flew;  
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:  
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know,  
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,  
 And comely distant sits he by her side;  
 When he again desires her, being sat,  
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide;  
 If that from him there may be ought apply'd,  
 Which may her suffering extasy assuage:  
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.  
 Father, she says, tho' in me you behold  
 The injury of many a blasting hour,  
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old;  
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:  
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd  
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.  
 But woe is me! too early I attended  
 A youthful suit: it was to gain my grace;  
 O! one by nature's outwards so commended,  
 That maidens eyes stuck over all his face;  
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;  
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
 She was new lodg'd; and newly deify'd.  
 His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,  
 And every light occasion of the wind  
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;  
 Each eye that saw him did inchant the mind:  
 For on his visage was in little drawn,  
 What largeness thinks in paradise was fawn.  
 Small shew of man was yet upon his chin,  
 His phoenix down began but to appear,  
 Like unthorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;  
 Yet shew'd his visage by that cost most dear:  
 And nice affections wavering, stood in doubt.  
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free :  
 Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storm,  
 As of 'twixt May and April is to see,  
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly tho' they be.  
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,  
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.  
 Well could he ride, and often men would say,  
 That horse his mettle from his rider takes ;  
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop  
 And controversy hence a question takes, [he maketh  
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
 Or he his, manag'd by th' well-doing steed ?  
 But quickly on this side the verdict went ;  
 His real habitude gave life and grace  
 To appertainings and to ornament,  
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case ;  
 All aids themselves made fairer by their place,  
 Can for additions yet their purpose trim,  
 Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.  
 So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
 All kinds of arguments and questions deep,  
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep,  
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep.  
 He had the dialect and different skill,  
 Catching all passions in his craft of will ;  
 That he did in the general bosom reign  
 Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,  
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
 In personal duty, following where he haunted ;  
 Consent's bewitch'd, ere he desire have granted ;  
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.



Many there were that did his picture get,  
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
 Like fools that in th' imagination set  
 The goodly objects, which abroad they find;  
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;  
 And labouring, in more pleasures to bestow them,  
 Than the true gouty landlord, who doth own them.  
 So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistrefs of his heart:  
 My woful self, that did in freedom stand,  
 And was my own fee simple, not in part,  
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
 Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.  
 Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
 Demand of him, nor being desir'd, yielded:  
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
 With safest distance I my honour shielded:  
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
 Of proofs new bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.  
 But ah! whoever shunn'd by precedent  
 The destin'd ill, she must herself assay?  
 Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
 To put the by-past perils in her way?  
 Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay:  
 For when we rage, advice is often seen,  
 By blunting us, to make our wits more keen.  
 Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
 That we must curb it upon others proof:  
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
 For fear of harms, that preach in our behoof.  
 O appetite! from judgment stand aloof.  
 The one a palate hath, that needs will taste,  
 Tho' reason weep, and cry, it is thy last.

For further I could say this man's untrue,  
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,  
 Heard where his plants in others orchards grew,  
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,  
 Knew vows were ever brokers in defiling;  
 Thought characters and words merely but art,  
 And bastards of his foul adult'rate heart.  
 And long upon these terms I held my city,  
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me: Gentle maid,  
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
 And be not of my holy vows afraid;  
 What's to you sworn, to none was ever said.  
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow;  
 All my offences, that abroad you see,  
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;  
 Love made them not, with acture they may be,  
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind:  
 They sought their shame, that so their shame did find.  
 And so much less of shame in me remains,  
 By how much of me their reproach contains.  
 Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,  
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,  
 Or any of my leifures ever charmed:  
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;  
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
 And reign'd commanding in his monarchy.  
 Look here what tributes wounded fancy sent me,  
 Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood;  
 Figuring, that they their passions likewise lent me,  
 Of grief and blushes aptly understood;  
 In bloodless white, and the encrimson'd mood,  
 Effects of terror, and dear modesty,  
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,  
 With twisted metal amorously embleach'd,  
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair;  
 Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,  
 With th' annexions of fair gems enrich'd;  
 And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify  
 Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality:  
 The diamond! why 'twas beautiful and hard,  
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend:  
 The deep green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend:  
 The heaven-hued saphyr, and the opal blend  
 With objects manifold; each several stone,  
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.  
 Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,  
 Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires, the tender;  
 Nature hath charg'd me, that I hoard them not,  
 But yield them up, where I myself must render;  
 That is, to you my origin and ender.  
 For these of force must your oblations be  
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.  
 O! then advance (of yours) that phraseless hand,  
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise:  
 Take all these similes unto your own command,  
 Hallow'd with sighs, that burning lungs did raise;  
 What me your minister for you obeys,  
 Works under you, and to your audit comes  
 Their distract parcels, incombined sums.  
 Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,  
 Or sister sanctify'd, of holiest note,  
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun;  
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms doat,  
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
 To spend her living in eternal love.

But O! my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
 The thing we have not, mast'ring what not strives?  
 Playing the place which did no form receive;  
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gives!  
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
 The scars of battle scapeth, by the flight,  
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.  
 O! pardon me, in that my boast is true;  
 The accident which brought me to her eye,  
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
 And now she would the caged cloister fly;  
 Religious love put out religious eye:  
 Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd;  
 And now to tempt, all liberty procur'd.  
 How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!  
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
 Have empty'd all their fountains in my well;  
 And mine I pour your ocean all among.  
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
 Must for your victory us all congest,  
 As compound love to physick your cold breast.  
 My parts had power to charm a sacred sun;  
 Tho' disciplin'd, I dieted in grace,  
 Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,  
 All vows and consecrations giving place.  
 O! most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
 In thee hath neither string, knot nor confine,  
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.  
 When thou impresses, what are precepts worth,  
 Of stale example? When thou wilt enflame,  
 How coldly those impediments stand forth  
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?  
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst  
 shame,

And sweetness in the suffering pang it bears,  
 The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.  
 Now all these hearts, that do on mine depend,  
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,  
 And suppliant, their sighs to you extend,  
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design;  
 And credent soul to that strong bonded oath,  
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth.  
 This said, his watry eyes he did dismount,  
 Whose sights till then were level'd on my face,  
 Each cheek a river running from a fount,  
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace.  
 Oh! how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
 Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses,  
 That flame thro' water which their hue incloses.  
 Oh! father! what a hell of witchcraft lies  
 In the small orb of one particular tear!  
 But with the inundation of the eyes  
 What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
 What breast so cold, that is not warmed here?  
 Oh! cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath!  
 Both fire from hence, and chill extincure hath.  
 For lo! his passion but an art of craft,  
 Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
 'There my white stole of chastity I dast,  
 Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears,  
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
 All melting, tho' our drops this difference bore,  
 His poison'd me and mine did him restore.  
 In him a plenitude of subtil matter,  
 Apply'd to careless, all strange forms receives  
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,



Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves  
 In either's aptness, as it best deceives :  
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
 Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows :  
 That not a heart, which in his level came  
 Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
 Shewing fair nature is both wild and tame :  
 And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim ;  
 Against the thing he fought, he wou'd exclaim ;  
 When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,  
 He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.  
 Thus merely with the garment of a grace,  
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd ;  
 That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,  
 Which like a cherubim above them hover'd :  
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?  
 Ah me ! I fell : and yet do question make,  
 What I should do again for such a sake.  
 Oh ! that infected moisture of his eye !  
 Oh ! that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd !  
 Oh ! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly !  
 Oh ! that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd !  
 Oh ! all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd !  
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
 And new pervert a reconciled maid.

*The Amorous Epistle of Paris to Helen.*

Health unto Leda's daughter, Priam's son  
 Sends in these lines, whose health cannot be won  
 But by your gift, in whose power it may lie  
 To make me whole or sick ; to live or die.  
 Shall I then speak ? or doth my flame appear  
 Plain without index ? Oh ! 'tis that I fear !

My love without discovering smile takes place,  
 And more than I could wish, shines in my face;  
 When I could rather in my thoughts desire  
 To hide the smoke, till time display the fire:  
 Time, that can make the fire of love shine clear,  
 Untroubled with the misty smoke of fear.  
 But I dissemble it; for who, I pray,  
 Can fire conceal? that will itself betray,  
 Yet if you look, I should affirm that plain  
 In words, which in my countenance I maintain.  
 I burn, I burn, my faults I have confess'd,  
 My words bear witness how my looks transgress'd.  
 Oh! pardon me, that have confess'd my error,  
 Cast not upon my lines a look of terror;  
 But as your beauty is beyond compare,  
 Suit unto that your looks (oh! you most fair!)  
 That you may better have receiv'd by this,  
 The supposition glads me, and I wish,  
 By hope encourag'd, hope that makes me strong,  
 You will receive me in some sort ere long.  
 I ask no more, than what the queen of beauty  
 Hath promis'd me, for you are mine by duty.  
 By her I claim you, you for me were made,  
 And she it was my journey did persuade.  
 Nor, lady, think your beauty vainly sought;  
 I by divine instinct was hither brought:  
 And to this enterprize the heavenly powers  
 Have given consent, the gods proclaim me yours.  
 I aim at wonders, for I covet you;  
 Yet pardon me, I ask but what's my due,  
 Venus herself my journey hither led,  
 And gives you freely to my promis'd bed.  
 Under her conduct safe the seas I pass,  
 Till I arriv'd upon these coasts at last:

Shipping myself from the Sygean shore,  
 Whence unto these confines my course I bore.  
 She made the surges gentle, the winds fair;  
 Nor marvel whence these calms proceeded are:  
 Need must the power upon the salt seas have,  
 That was sea-born, created from a wave.  
 Still may she stand in her ability,  
 And as she made the seas with much facility,  
 To be thro' sail'd; so may she calm my heat,  
 And bear my thoughts to their desired seat,  
 My flames I found not here; no, I protest,  
 I brought them with me closed in my breast;  
 Myself transported them without attorney,  
 Love was the motive to my tedious journey.  
 Not blust'ring winter, when he triumph'd most,  
 Nor any error drove me to this coast:  
 Not led by fortune where the rough winds please,  
 Nor merchant-like, for gain cross'd I the seas.  
 Fulness of wealth in all my fleet I see,  
 I'm rich in all things, save in wanting thee.  
 No spoil of petty nations my ship seeks,  
 Nor land I as a spy among the Greeks.  
 What need we? See, of all things we have store!  
 Compar'd with Troy, alas! your Greece is poor.  
 For thee I come, thy fame hath thus far driven me,  
 Whom golden Venus hath by promise given me.  
 I wish'd thee ere I knew thee, long ago,  
 Before these eyes dwelt on this glorious show.  
 I saw thee in my thoughts; know, beauteous dame,  
 I first beheld you with the eyes of fame.  
 Nor marvel, lady, I was stroke so far.  
 Thus darts or arrows sent from bows of war,  
 Wound a great distance off: so was I hit  
 With a deep smarting wound, that rankles yet.

For so it pleas'd the fates, whom lest you blame,  
I'll tell a true tale to confirm the same.

When in my mother's womb full ripe I lay,  
Ready the first hour to behold the day,  
And she at point to be deliver'd strait,  
And to unlade her of her royal freight,  
My birth-hour was delay'd, and that sad night  
A fearful vision did the queen affright.  
In a son's stead, to please the aged fire,  
She dreamt she had brought forth a brand of fire.  
Frighted, she rises, and to Priam goes;  
To the old king this ominous dream she shows;  
He to the priest; the priest doth this return,  
That the child born shall stately Ilium burn.  
Better than he was 'ware, the prophet guess'd,  
For lo! a kindled brand flames in my breast.  
To prevent fate, a peasant I was held,  
Till my fair shape all other swains excell'd;  
And gave the doubtful world assurance good,  
Your Paris was deriv'd from royal blood.

Amid the Idean fields, there is a place  
Remote, full of high trees, which hide the face  
Of the green mantled earth, where in thick rows,  
The oak, the elm, the pine, the pitch-tree grows,  
Here never yet did browse the wanton ewe,  
Nor from his plot the slow ox lick the dew.  
The savage goat, that feeds among the rocks,  
Hath not graz'd here, nor any of their flocks.  
Hence the Dardanian walls I might espy,  
The lofty towers of Ilium reared high.  
Hence I the seas might from the firm land see,  
Which to behold, I lean'd me on a tree.

Believe me, for I speak but what is true,  
 Down from the sky, with feather'd pinions, flew  
 The nephew to great Atlas, and doth stand,  
 With golden Caduceus in his hand.  
 This, as the gods to me thought good to show,  
 I hold it good, that you the same should know.  
 Three goddesses behind young Hermes move ;  
 Great Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love ;  
 Who as in pomp and pride of gait they pass,  
 Scarce with their weight they bend the tops of grass.  
 Amaz'd I start, and endlong stands my hair,  
 When Maia's son thus says ; Abandon fear,  
 Thou courteous swain, that to these groves repairest,  
 And freely judge, which of these three is fairest.  
 And lest I should this curious sentence shun,  
 He tells me by Jove's sentence all is done.  
 And to be judge, I no way can eschew.  
 This having said, up thro' the air he flew.  
 I strait took heart-a grace, and grew more bold ;  
 And there their beauties one by one behold.  
 Why am I made the judge to give this doom ?  
 Methinks all three are worthy to o'ercome.  
 To injure two such beauties what tongue dare ?  
 Or to prefer one, where they be all so fair ?  
 Now this seems fairest, now again that other ;  
 Now would I speak, and now my thoughts I smother :  
 And yet at length the praise of one most founded,  
 And from that one my present love is grounded.  
 The goddesses out of their earnest care,  
 And pride of beauty to be held most fair,  
 Seek, with large alms, and gifts of wond'rous price,  
 To their own thoughts my censure to entice.  
 Juno the wife of Jove doth first enchant me ;  
 To judge her fairest, she a crown will grant me.



Pallas her daughter, next doth undertake me ;  
 Give her the prize, and valiant she will make me.  
 I strait devise which can most pleasure bring,  
 To be a valiant soldier, or a king.  
 Last Venus smiling, came with such a grace,  
 As if she sway'd an empire in her face :  
 Let not (said she) these gifts the conquest bear,  
 Combats and kingdoms are both fraught with fear.  
 I'll give thee what thou lov'st best (lovely swain)  
 The fairest faint that doth on earth remain,  
 Shall be thine own : make thou the conquest mine,  
 Fair Iæda's fairest daughter shall be thine.  
 This said, when with myself I had devised,  
 And her rich gift and beauty jointly prized ;  
 Venus the victor o'er the rest is plac'd,  
 Juno and Pallas leave the mount disgrac'd.  
 Mean time my fate a prosperous course had run,  
 And by known signs King Priam call'd me son.  
 The day of my restoring is kept holy  
 Among the faints days, consecrated solely  
 To my remembrance, being a day of joy  
 For ever in the calendars of Troy.

As I wish you, I have been wish'd by others ;  
 The fairest maids by me would have been mothers :  
 Of all my favours, I bestow'd not any,  
 You only may enjoy the loves of many.  
 Nor by the daughters of great dukes and kings,  
 Have I alone been sought, whose marriage rings  
 I have turn'd back ; but by a strain more high,  
 By nymphs and fairies, such as never die.  
 No sooner were you promis'd as my due,  
 But I all hated, to remember you ;  
 Waking, I saw your image ; if I dreamt,  
 Your beauteous figure still appear'd to tempt,

And urge this voyage ; till your face excelling,  
 These eyes beheld my dreams were all of Helen.  
 Image how your face should now incite me,  
 Being seen, that unseen did so much delight me.  
 If I was scorch'd so far off from the fire,  
 How am I burnt to cinders thus much nigher !  
 Nor could I longer owe myself this treasure,  
 But thro' the ocean I must search my pleasure.  
 The Phrygian hatchets to the-roots are put  
 Of the Idean pines ; asunder cut,  
 The wood-land mountain yielded me large fees,  
 Being despoil'd of all her tallest trees.  
 From whence we have squar'd out unnumber'd beams,  
 That must be wash'd within the marine streams.  
 The grounded oaks are bow'd, tho' stiff as steel,  
 And to the tough ribs is the bending keel  
 Woven by shipwrights craft ; then the main mast,  
 Across whose middle is the sail-yard plac'd,  
 Tackles and sails ; and next you may discern  
 Our painted gods upon the hooked stern :  
 The god that bears me on my happy way,  
 And is my guide, is Cupid. Now the day  
 In which the last stroke of the hammer's heard  
 Within our navy, in the east appear'd :  
 And I must now launch forth (so the fates please)  
 To seek adventures in the *Ægean* seas.  
 My father and my mother move delay,  
 And by intreaties would inforce my stay :  
 They hang about my neck, and with their tears  
 Woo me, defer my journey ; but their fears  
 Can have no power to keep me from thy sight :  
 And now *Castandra*, full of sad affright,  
 With loose dishevel'd trammels, madly skips,  
 Just in the way betwixt me and my ships :

O! whither wilt thou headlong run? she cries;  
 Thou bearest fire with thee, whose smoke up-flies  
 Unto the heavens (O Jove!) thou little fearest  
 What quenchless flames thou thro' the water bearest.  
 Cassandra was too true a prophetess;  
 Her quenchless flame the spake of (I confess)  
 My hot desires burn in my breast so fast,  
 That no red furnace hotter flames can cast.

I pass the city-gates, my bark I board,  
 The favourable winds calm gales afford,  
 And fill my sails; unto your land I steer,  
 For whither else his course should Paris bear?  
 Your husband entertains me as his guest,  
 And all this happ'neth by the gods behest.  
 He shews me all his pastures, parks, and fields,  
 And every rare thing Lacedæmon yields.  
 He holds himself much pleased with my being,  
 And nothing hides that he esteems worth seeing.  
 I am on fire, till I behold your face,  
 Of all Achaia's kingdom the sole grace.  
 All other curious objects I defy,  
 Nothing but Helen can content mine eye:  
 Whom when I saw, I stood transform'd with wonder,  
 Senseless, as one struck dead by Jove's sharp thunder,  
 As I revive, my eyes I roll and turn,  
 Whilst my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burn:  
 Even so, as I remember, look'd love's queen,  
 When she was last in Phrygian Ida seen;  
 Unto which place by fortune I was train'd,  
 Where, by my censure, she the conquest gain'd.  
 But had you made a fourth in that contention,  
 Of Venus' beauty there had been no mention:

Helen assuredly had borne from all  
The prize of beauty, the bright golden ball.

Only of you may this your kingdom boast,  
By you it is renown'd in every coast :  
Rumour hath every where your beauty blaz'd :  
In what remote clime is not Helen prais'd ?  
From the bright eastern sun's up-rise, inquire,  
Even to his downfall, where he flakes his fire ;  
There lives not any of our sex that dare  
Contend with you, that are proclaim'd so fair.  
Trust me ; for truth I speak : nay, what's most true,  
Too sparingly the world hath spoke of you.  
Fame that hath undertook your name to blaze,  
Play'd but the envious housewife in your praise.  
More than report could promise, or fame blazon,  
Are these divine perfections that I gaze on :  
These were the same that made duke Theseus lavish,  
Who in thy prime and nonage did thee ravish :  
And worthy rape for such a worthy man !  
Thrice happy ravisher ! to seize thee then,  
When thou wert stript stark naked to the skin ;  
A sight of force to make the gods to sin.  
Such is your country's guise, at seasons when  
With naked ladies they mix'd naked men.  
That he did steal thee from thy friends, I praise  
him ;

And for that deed, I to the heavens will raise him.  
That he return'd thee back, by Jove I wonder ;  
Had I been Theseus, he that should asunder  
Have parted us, or snatch'd thee from my bed,  
First from my shoulders should have par'd my head :  
So rich a purchase, such a glorious prey,  
Should constantly have been detain'd for aye.

Could these my strong arms possibly unclasp,  
 Whilst in their amorous folds they Helen grasp?  
 Neither by forc'd constraint, nor by free giving,  
 Could you depart that compass, and I living.  
 But if by rough inforce I must restore you,  
 Some fruits of love (which I so long have bore you)  
 I first would reap, and some sweet favour gain,  
 That all my suit were not bestow'd in vain.  
 Either with me you shall abide and stay,  
 Or for your pass your maidenhead should pay:  
 Or say, I spar'd you that, yet would I try  
 What other favour I could else come by;  
 All that belongs to love I would not miss,  
 You should not let me both to clip and kiss.

Give me your heart, fair queen, my heart you  
 owe,

And what my resolution is, you know.  
 'Till the last fire, my breathless body take,  
 The fire within my breast can never slake.  
 Before large kingdoms I prefer'd your face,  
 And Juno's love, and potent gifts disgrace;  
 To fold you in my amorous arms I chus'd,  
 And Pallas' virtues scornfully refus'd:  
 When they, with Venus, on the hill of Ide,  
 Made me the judge their beauties to decide.  
 Nor do I yet repent me, having took  
 Beauty, and strength, and scepter'd rule forsook:  
 Methinks I chus'd the best (nor think it strange)  
 I still persist, and never mean to change.  
 Only that my employment be not vain,  
 (Oh! you more worth than any empire's gain!)  
 Let me intreat: lest you my birth should scorn,  
 Or parentage, know, I am royal born:



By marrying me, you shall not wrong your state,  
 Nor be a wife to one degenerate.  
 Search the records where we did first begin,  
 And you shall find the Pleiads of our kin;  
 Nay, Jove himself, all others to forbear  
 That in our stock renowned princes were.  
 My father of all Asia reigns sole king,  
 Whose boundless coast scarce any feather'd wing  
 Can give a girdle to; a happier land,  
 A neighbour to the ocean, cannot stand.  
 There in a narrow compass you may see  
 Cities and towers, more than may numb'ed be;  
 The houses gilt, rich temples that excel,  
 And you will say, I near the great gods dwell.  
 You shall behold high Ilium's lofty towers,  
 And Troy's brave walls, built by no mortal powers;  
 But made by Phœbus, the great god of fire,  
 And by the touch of his melodious lyre.  
 Ask if we have people to inhabit, when  
 The sad earth groans, to bear such troops of men;  
 Judge, Helen, likewise when you come to land,  
 The Asian women shall admiring stand,  
 Saluting thee with welcome, more and less,  
 In pressing throngs, and numbers numberless.  
 More, that our courts can hold of you (most fair)  
 You to yourself will say, alas! how bare  
 And poor Achaia is! when, with great pleasure,  
 You see each house contain a city's treasure.

Mistake me not, I Sparta do not scorn,  
 I hold the land blest where my love was born:  
 Tho' barren else, rich Sparta Helen bore,  
 And therefore I that province must adore.  
 Yet is your land, methinks, but lean and empty,  
 You worthy of a clime that flows with plenty:

Full Troy I prostrate, it is yours by duty ;  
 This petty seat becomes not your rich beauty.  
 Attendance, preparation, curt'sy, state,  
 Fit such a heavenly form ; on which should wait  
 Cost, fresh variety, delicious diet,  
 Pleasure, contentment, and luxurious riot.  
 What ornaments we use, what fashions feign,  
 You may perceive by me and my proud train.  
 Thus we attire our men ; but with more cost  
 Of gold and pearl, the rich gowns are imboſt  
 Of our chief ladies ; gueſs by what you ſee,  
 You may be ſoon induc'd to credit me.

Be tractable, fair Spartan, nor contemn  
 A Trojan born, deriv'd from royal ſtem ;  
 He was a Trojan, and ally'd to Hector,  
 That waits upon Jove's cup, and fills him neſtar.  
 A Trojan did the fair Aurora wed,  
 And nightly ſlept within her roſeat bed.  
 The goddeſs that ends night, and enters day,  
 From our fair Trojan coaſt ſtole him away.  
 Anchifeſ was a Trojan, whom love's queen  
 (Making the trees of Ida a thick ſkreen  
 'Twixt heaven and her) oft lay with. View me well,  
 I am a Trojan too, in Troy I dwell.  
 Thy huſband Menelaus hither bring,  
 Compare our ſhapes, our years, and every thing :  
 I make you judges, wrong me if you can ;  
 You needs muſt ſay, I am the properer man.  
 None of my line hath turn'd the ſun to blood,  
 And robb'd his ſteeds of their ambroſial food.  
 My father grew not from the Caucaſe' rock,  
 Nor ſhall I graft you in a bloody ſtock.

Priam ne'er wrong'd the guiltless soul, or further,  
 Made the Myrtean sea look red with murder :  
 Nor thirsteth my great grandfire in the lake  
 Of Lethe, chin-deep, yet no thirst can slake :  
 Nor after ripen'd apples vainly skips,  
 Who fly him still, and yet still touch his lips.  
 But what of this? if you be so deriv'd,  
 You, notwithstanding, are no right depriv'd :  
 You grace your stock, and being so divine,  
 Jove is of force compell'd into your line.

Oh mischief! whilst I vainly speak of this,  
 Your husband all unworthy of such bliss,  
 Enjoys you this long night, enfolds your waist,  
 And where he lists, may boldly touch and taste.  
 So when you sat at table, many a toy  
 Passeth between you, my vex'd soul t' annoy.  
 At such high feasts I wish my enemy sit,  
 Where discontent attends on every bit.  
 I never yet was plac'd at any feast,  
 But oft it irk'd me that I was your guest.  
 That which offends me most, thy rude lord knows ;  
 For still his arms about thy neck he throws.  
 Which I no sooner spy, but I grow mad,  
 And hate the man whose courting makes me sad.  
 Shall I be plain? I am ready to sink down,  
 When I behold him wrap you in his gown ;  
 When you sit smiling on his amorous knee,  
 His fingers press where my hands itch to be.  
 But when he hugs you, I am forc'd to frown ;  
 The meat I'm eating will by no means down,  
 But sticks half way : amidst these discontents,  
 I have observ'd you laugh at my laments,  
 And with a scornful, yet a wanton smile,  
 Deride my sighs and groans. Oft to beguile

My passions, and to quench my fiery rage,  
By quaffing healths I've thought my flame t' assuage;  
But Bacchus' full cups make my flames burn higher,  
Add wine to love, and you add fire to fire.  
To shun the sight of many a wanton fear,  
Betwixt your lord and you, I shift my seat,  
And turn my head; but thinking of your grace,  
Love screws my head to gaze back on your face.  
What were I best to do? to see you play,  
Mads me, and I perforce must turn away;  
And to forbear the place where you abide,  
Would kill me dead, should I but start aside.  
As much as lies in me, I strive to bury  
The shape of love, and in mirth's spite seem merry.  
But oh! the more I seek it to suppress,  
The more my blabbing looks my love profess.

You know my love which I in vain should hide;  
Would God it did appear to none beside!  
Oh Jove! how often have I turn'd my cheek,  
To hide th' apparent tears, that passage seek  
From forth my eyes, and to a corner stept,  
Lest any man should ask wherefore I wept.  
How often have I told you piteous tales,  
Of constant lovers, and how love prevails?  
When such great heed to my discourse I took,  
That every accent suited to your look.  
In forged names myself I represented:  
The lover so perplex'd, and so tormented,  
If you will know, behold I am the same;  
Paris was meant in that true lover's name.  
As often, that I might the more securely,  
Speak loose immodest words, that sound impurely,  
That they offenceless might your sweet ears touch,  
I've lipt them up, like one had drunk too much.

Once I remember, your loose veil betray'd  
 Your naked skin, and a fair passage made  
 To my enamour'd eye : Oh ! skin much brighter  
 Than snow, or purest milk, in colour whiter  
 Than your fair mother Læda, when Jove grac'd her,  
 And in the shape of feather'd swan embrac'd her.  
 Whilst at this ravishing sight I stood amaz'd,  
 And without interruption freely gaz'd,  
 The wreathed handle of the bowl I grasped,  
 Fell from my hold, my strengthless hand unclasped.  
 A goblet at that time I held by chance,  
 And down it fell, for I was in a trance.  
 Kiss your fair daughter, and to her I skip,  
 And snatch your kisses from your sweet child's lip.  
 Sometimes I throw myself along, and lie,  
 Singing love-songs ; and if you cast your eye  
 On my effeminate gesture, I still find  
 Some pretty cover'd signs to speak my mind ;  
 And then my earnest suit bluntly invades  
 Æthra and Climene, your two chief maids.  
 But they return me answers full of fear,  
 And to my motions lend no further ear.  
 Oh ! that you were the prize of some great strife,  
 And he that wins, might claim you for his wife.  
 Hyppomenes with swift Atlanta ran,  
 And at one course the goal and lady won ;  
 Even she, by whom so many suitors perish'd,  
 Was in the bosom of her new love cherish'd.  
 So Hercules for Dejanaira strove,  
 Brake Achelous' horn, and gain'd his love.  
 Had I such liberty, such freedom granted,  
 My resolution never could be daunted.  
 Yourself should find, and all the world should see,  
 Helen a prize alone reserv'd for me.



There is not left me any means (most fair)  
 To court you now, but by intreats and prayer :  
 Unless (as it becomes me) you think meet,  
 That I should prostrate fall, and kiss your feet.  
 Oh ! all the honour, that our last age wins,  
 Thou glory of the two Tindarian twins !  
 Worthy to be Jove's wife, in heaven to reign,  
 Were you not Jove's own daughter, of his strain.  
 To the Sygean confines I will carry thee,  
 And in the temple of great Pallas marry thee ;  
 Or in this island where I vent my moans,  
 I'll beg a tomb for my exiled bones.  
 My wound is not a slight raze with an arrow,  
 But it hath pierc'd, my heart and burnt my marrow.  
 This prophecy my sister oft hath founded,  
 That by an heavenly dart I should be wounded.  
 Oh ! then forbear (fair Helen !) to oppose you  
 Against the gods, they say I shall not lose you.  
 Yield you to their behest, and you shall find  
 The gods to your petitions likewise kind.  
 A thousand things at once are in my brain,  
 Which that I may essentially complain,  
 And not in papers empty all my head,  
 Anon at night receive me to your bed.  
 Blush you at this ? or lady do you fear  
 To violate the nuptial laws austere ?  
 Oh ! simple Helen ! foolish I might say,  
 What profit reap you to be chaste I pray ?  
 Is't possible, that you a world to win,  
 Should keep that face, that beauty without sin ?  
 Rather you must your glorious face exchange  
 For one (less fair) or else not seem so strange.  
 Beauty and chastity at variance are,  
 'Tis hard to find one woman chaste and fair.

Venus will not have beauty over-aw'd,  
 High Jove himself stolen pleasures will applaud ;  
 And by such thievish pastimes we may gather  
 How Jove 'gainst wedlock's laws became your father.  
 He and your mother Læda both transgress'd,  
 When you were got she bare a tender breast.  
 What glory can you gain love-sweets to smother ?  
 Or to be counted chaster than your mother ?  
 Profess strict chastity, when with great joy,  
 I lead you as my bride-espous'd thro' Troy.  
 Then I intreat you rein your pleasures in,  
 I wish thy Paris may be all thy sin.  
 If Citherea her firm covenant keep,  
 Tho' I within your bosom nightly sleep,  
 We shall not much misdo, but so offend,  
 That we by marriage may our guilt amend.

Your husband hath himself this business aided,  
 And tho' (not with his tongue) he hath persuaded,  
 By all his deeds (as much) lest he should stay  
 Our private meetings, he is far away,  
 Of purpose rid unto the farthest West,  
 That he might leave his wife unto his guest.  
 No fitter time he could have found to visit  
 The Chrisean royal scepter, and to seize it.  
 Ah ! simple, simple husband ! but he's gone,  
 And going, left you this to think upon.  
 Fair wife (quoth he) I prithee in my place  
 Regard the Trojan prince, and do him grace.  
 Behold, a witness I against you stand,  
 You have been careless of this kind command.  
 Count from his first day's journey, never since  
 Did you regard or grace the Trojan prince.  
 What think you of your husband ? that he knows  
 The worth and value of the face he owes ?

Who (but a fool) such beauty would endanger?  
 Or trust it to the mercy of a stranger?  
 Then, royal queen! if neither may intreat,  
 My quenchless passion, nor love's raging heat  
 Can win you; we are woo'd both to this crime,  
 Even by the fit advantage of the time;  
 Either to love sweet sport we must agree,  
 Or shew ourselves to be worse fools than he.  
 He took you by the hand the hour he rode,  
 And knowing I with you must make abode,  
 Brings you to me; what should I further say?  
 It was his mind to give you quite away.

What meant he else? then let's be blithe and jolly,  
 And make the best use of your husband's folly.  
 What should we do? your husband is far gone,  
 And this cold night (poor soul) you lie alone.  
 I want a bedfellow, so do we either,  
 What lets us then, but that we lie together?  
 You slumb'ring think on me, on you I dream,  
 Both our desires are fervent and extreme.  
 Sweet, then appoint the night, why do you stay?  
 O night! more clearer than the brightest day.  
 Then I dare freely speak, protest, and swear,  
 And of my vows the gods shall record bear,  
 Then will I seal the contract and the strife,  
 From that day forward we are man and wife:  
 Then questionless I shall so far persuade,  
 That you with me shall Troy's rich coast invade,  
 And with your Phrygian guest at last agree,  
 Our potent kingdom, and rich crown to see.  
 But if you (blushing) fear the vulgar bruit,  
 That says you follow me, to me make suit,

Fear it not Helen; I'll so work with fame,  
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke Theseus was my instance, and so were  
Your brothers, lady; can I come more near,  
To ensample my attempts by? Theseus hal'd  
Helen perforce: your brothers they prevail'd  
With the Leucippian sisters; now from these,  
I'll count myself the fourth (if Helen please.)  
Our Trojan navy rides upon the coast,  
Rigg'd, arm'd, and mann'd, and I can proudly boast,  
The banks are high, why do you longer stay?  
The winds and oars are ready to make way.  
You shall be like a high majestic queen,  
Led thro' the Dardan city, and be seen  
By millions, who your state having commended,  
Will (wond'ring) swear, some goddess is descended.  
Where'er you walk the priests shall incense burn,  
No way you shall your eye or body turn,  
But sacrificed beasts the ground shall beat,  
And bright religious fires the welkin heat.  
My father, mother, brother, sisters, all  
Ilium and Trøy in pomp majestic,  
Shall with rich gifts present you (but alas!)  
Not the least part (so far they do surpass).  
Can my epistle speak; you may behold  
More than my words or writings can unfold.

Nor fear the bruit of war, or threatening steel,  
When we are fled, to dog us at the heel;  
Or that all Græcia will their powers unite;  
Of many ravish'd, can you one recite  
Whom war repurchas'd? these be idle fears,  
Rough blustering Boreas fair Orithæa bears

Unto the land of Thrace, yet Thrace still free,  
 And Athens rais'd no rude hostility.  
 In winged Pegasus did Jason fail;  
 And from great Cholcos he Medea stole:  
 Yet Thessaly you see can shew no scar  
 Of former wounds in the Thessalian war.  
 He that first ravish'd you, in such a fleet  
 As ours is, Ariadne brought from Crete.  
 Yet Minos and duke Theseus were agreed,  
 About that quarrel not a breast did bleed.  
 Less is the danger (trust me) than the fear,  
 That in these vain and idle doubts appear.  
 But say, rude war should be proclaim'd at length,  
 Know I am valiant, and have sinewy strength.  
 The weapons that I use are apt to kill.  
 Asia besides more spacious fields can fill  
 With armed men, than Greece. Amongst us are  
 More perfect soldiers, more beasts apt for war.  
 Nor can thy husband Menelaus be  
 Of an high spirit and magnanimity;  
 Or so well prov'd in arms: for Helen I,  
 Being but a lad, have made my enemies fly;  
 Regain'd the prey from out the hands of thieves,  
 Who had despoil'd our herds, and stoln our beeves.  
 By such adventures I my name obtain'd,  
 (Being but a lad) the conquest I have gain'd  
 Of young men in their prime, who much could do;  
 Deiphobus, Ilioneus too  
 I have o'ercome in many sharp contentions;  
 Nor think these are my vain and forg'd inventions;  
 Or that I only hand to hand can fight,  
 My arrows when I please shall touch the white;  
 I am expert i' th' quarry and the bow,  
 You cannot boast your heartless husband so.



Had you the power in all things to supply me,  
 And should you nothing in the world deny me;  
 To give me such a Hector to my brother,  
 You could not, the earth bears not such another.  
 By him alone all Asia is well mann'd;  
 He like an enemy against Greece shall stand,  
 Oppos'd to your best fortunes, wherefore strive you?  
 You do not know his valour that must wive you,  
 Or what hid worth is in me; but at length  
 You will confess when you have prov'd my strength.  
 Thus either war shall still our steps pursue,  
 Or Greece shall fall in Troy's all conquering view.  
 Nor would I fear for such a royal wife,  
 To set the universal world at strife.  
 To gain rich prizes, men will venture far,  
 The hope of purchase makes us bold in war.  
 If all the world about you should contend,  
 Your name should be eterniz'd without end;  
 Only be bold; and fearless may we sail  
 Into my country, with a prosperous gale!  
 If the gods grant me my expected day,  
 It to the full shall all these covenants pay.

*Helen to Paris.*

No sooner came mine eye unto the sight  
 Of thy rude lines, but I must needs re-write,  
 Dar'st thou (O shameless) in such heinous wise,  
 The laws of hospitality despise!  
 And being a stranger, from thy country's reach,  
 Solicit a chaste wife to wedlock's breach?  
 Was it for this our free Tænarian port  
 Receiv'd thee and thy train, in friendly sort?  
 And when great Neptune nothing could appease,  
 Gave thee safe harbour from the stormy seas?

Was it for this, our kingdom's arms spread wide  
 To entertain thee from the water-side?  
 Yet thou of foreign soil remote from hence,  
 A stranger, coming we scarce knew from whence.  
 Is perjur'd wrong the recompence of right?  
 Is all our friendship guerdon'd with despight?  
 I doubt me then, whether in our court doth tarry  
 A friendly guest, or a fierce adversary.  
 Nor blame me, for if justly you consider,  
 And these presumptions well compare together,  
 So simple my complaint will not appear,  
 But you yourself must needs excuse my fear:  
 Well, hold me simple, much it matters not;  
 Whilst I preserve my chaste name far from spot;  
 For when I seem touch'd with a bashful shame,  
 It shews how highly I regard my fame.  
 When I seem sad, my countenance is not feign'd;  
 And when I lour, my look is unconstrained.  
 But say my brow be cloudy, my name's clear,  
 And reverently you shall of Helen hear.  
 No man from me adulterate spoils can win;  
 For to this hour I have sported without sin:  
 Which makes me in my heart the more to wonder,  
 What hope you have in time to bring me under:  
 Or from mine eye what comfort thou canst gather,  
 To pity thee, and not despise thee rather.  
 Because once Theseus hurry'd me from hence,  
 And did to me a kind of violence;  
 Follows it therefore, I am of such price,  
 That ravish'd once, I should be ravish'd twice?  
 Was it my fault, because I striv'd in vain,  
 And wanted strength his fury to restrain?  
 He flatter'd, and spake fair, I struggled still;  
 And what he got was much against my will.

Of all his toil, he reap'd no wished fruit,  
For with my wrangling I withstood his suit.  
At length I was restor'd, untouch'd, and clear;  
In all my *Rape*, I suffer'd nought save fear:  
A few untoward kisses he (God wot)  
Of further favours he could never boast;  
Dry, without relish, by much striving got,  
And them with much ado, and to his cost.  
I doubt your purpose aims at greater blisses,  
And hardly would alone be pleas'd with kisses.  
Thou hast some further aim, and seek'st to do  
What, Jove defend, I should consent unto.  
He bore not thy bad mind, but did restore me  
Unblemish'd to the place from whence he bore me.  
The youth was bashful, and thy boldness lack'd,  
And 'tis well known, repented his bold fact.  
Theseus repented, so should Paris do,  
Succeed in love and in repentance too,  
Nor am I angry; who can angry be  
With him that loves her? if your heart agree  
With your kind words, your suit I could applaud,  
So I were sure your lines were void of fraud.  
I cast not these strange doubts, or this dispense,  
Like one that were bereft all confidence;  
Nor that I with myself am in disgrace,  
Or do not know the beauty of my face:  
But because too much trust hath damag'd such  
As have believ'd men in their loves too much.  
And now the general tongue of women saith,  
Mens words are full of treason, void of faith.

Let others sin, and hours of pleasures waste,  
'Tis rare to find the sober matron chaste.  
Why? say it be that sin prevails with fair ones,  
May not my name be rank'd among the rare ones?

Because my mother Læda was beguil'd,  
 Must I stray too, that am her eldest child ?  
 I must confess my mother made a rape,  
 But Jove beguil'd her in a borrow'd shape :  
 When she (poor soul) nor dreamt of god nor man,  
 He trod her like a milk-white feather'd swan,  
 She was deceiv'd by error ; if I yield  
 To your unjust request, nothing can shield  
 Me from reproach ; I cannot plead concealing :  
 'Twas in her, error ; 'tis in me, plain dealing.  
 She happily err'd ; he that her honour spilt,  
 Had in himself full power to salve the guilt.  
 Her error happy'd me too (I confess)  
 If to be Jove's child, be a happiness.

T' omit high Jove, of whom I stand in awe,  
 As the great grandfire to our father-in-law ;  
 To pass the kin I claim from Tantalus,  
 From Pelops, and from noble Tindarus ;  
 Læda by Jove, in shape of swan, beguil'd,  
 Herself so chang'd, and by him made with child,  
 Proves Jove my father. Then you idly strive,  
 Your name from gods and princes to derive.  
 What need you of old Priam make relation,  
 Laomedon, or your great Phrygian nation ?  
 Say all be true ; what then ? He of whom most  
 To be of your alliance, you so boast,  
 Jove (five degrees at least) from you removed,  
 'To be the first from me, is plainly proved.  
 And tho' (as I believ'd well) Troy may stand  
 Powerful by sea, and full of strength by land ;  
 And no dominion to your state superior,  
 I hold our clime nothing to Troy inferior.

Say, you in riches pass us, or in number  
 Of people, whom you boast your streets to cumber;  
 Yet yours a barbarous nation is, I tell you,  
 And in that kind do we of Greece excel you.  
 Your rich epistle doth such gifts present,  
 As might the goddesses themselves content,  
 And woo them to your pleasure: but if I  
 Shall pass the bounds of shame, and tread awry;  
 If ever you should put me to my shifts,  
 Yourself should move me more than all your gifts.  
 Or if I ever shall transgress by stealth,  
 It shall be for your sake, not for your wealth.  
 But as your gifts I scorn not, so such seem  
 Most precious, where the giver we esteem.  
 More than your presents it shall Helen please,  
 That you for her have past the stormy seas;  
 That she hath caus'd your toil, that you respect her,  
 And more than all your Trojan dames affect her.

But you're a wag in troth, the notes and signs  
 You make at table in the meats and wines,  
 I have observ'd, when I least seem'd to mind them,  
 For at the first my curious eye did find them.  
 Sometimes (you wanton) your fix'd eye advances  
 His brightness against mine, darting sweet glances,  
 Out-gazing me with such a stedfast look,  
 That my daz'd eyes their splendor have forlook;  
 And then you sigh, and by and by you stretch  
 Your amorous arm outright, the bowl to reach,  
 That next me stands, making excuse to sip  
 Just in the self-same place that kiss'd my lip.  
 How oft have I observ'd your finger make  
 Tricks and conceited signs, which strait I take?



How often doth your brow your smooth thoughts cloke,  
 When, to my seeming, it hath almost spoke?  
 And still I fear'd my husband would have spy'd you;  
 In troth you are to blame, and I must chide you.  
 You are too manifest a lover (tush)  
 At such known signs I could not chuse but blush.  
 And to myself I oft was forc'd to say,  
 This man at nothing shames. Is this (I pray)  
 Ought save the truth? Oft-times upon the board  
 Where Helen was engraven, you the word  
*Amo* have underwrit, in new-spilt wine:  
 (Good sooth) at first I could not scan the line,  
 Nor understand your meaning. Now (oh! spite)  
 Myself am now taught so to read and write.  
 Should I offend, as sin to me is strange,  
 These blandishments have power chaste thoughts to  
 Or if I could be mov'd to step astray, [change.  
 These would provoke me to lascivious play:  
 Besides, I must confess, you have a face  
 So admirable rare, so full of grace,  
 That it hath power to woo, and to make seizure  
 Of the most bright chaste beauties to your pleasure.  
 Yet had I rather stainless keep my fame,  
 Than to a stranger hazard my good name.  
 Make me your instance, and forbear the fair;  
 Of that which most doth please you, make most spare.  
 The greatest virtues, of which wise men boast,  
 Is to abstain from that which pleaseth most.  
 How many gallant youths (think you) desire  
 That which you covet, scorch'd with the self-same fire?  
 Are all the world fools? only Paris wise?  
 Or is there none, save you, have judging eyes?  
 No, no, you view no more than others see,  
 But you are plainer and more bold with me.

You are more earnest to pursue your game ;  
I yield you not more knowledge, but less shame.  
I would to God that you had fail'd from Troy,  
When my virginity and bed to enjoy,  
A thousand gallant princely suiters came :  
Had I beheld young Paris, I proclaim,  
Of all those thousand I had made you chief,  
And Spartan Menelaus, to his grief,  
Should to my censure have subscrib'd and yielded.  
But now (alas !) your hopes are weakly builded ;  
You covet goods possess'd, pleasures foretasted ;  
Tardy you come, that should before have hasted ;  
What you desire, another claims as due :  
As I could wish t' have been espous'd to you,  
So let me tell you, since it is my fate,  
I hold me happy in my present state.  
Then cease, fair prince, an idle suit to move,  
Seek not to harm her, whom you seem to love.  
In my contented state let me be guided,  
As both my states and fortunes have provided ;  
Nor in so vain a quest your spirits toil,  
To seek at my hands an unworthy spoil.

But see how soon poor women are deluded,  
Venus herself this covenant hath concluded :  
For in the Idean vallies you espy  
Three goddesses, strip'd naked to your eye ;  
And when the first had promis'd you a crown,  
The second fortitude and war's renown ;  
The third bespake you thus ; crown, nor war's pride,  
Will I bequeath, but Helen to thy bride.  
I scarce believe those high immortal creatures  
Would to your eye expose their naked features.

Or say the first part of your tale be pure,  
And meet with truth, the second's false I'm sure;  
In which poor I was thought the greatest meed,  
In such a high cause by the gods decreed.  
I have not of my beauty such opinion,  
T' imagine it prefer'd before dominion,  
Or fortitude; nor can your words persuade me,  
The greatest gift of all the goddesses made me.  
It is enough to me men praise my face,  
But from the gods I merit no such grace:  
Nor doth the praise, you charge me with, offend me,  
If Venus do not enviously commend me.  
But, lo! I grant you, and imagine true  
Your free report, claiming your praise as due?  
Who would in pleasing things call fame a liar,  
But give that credit which we most desire?

That we have mov'd these doubts, be not you griev'd,  
The greatest wonders are the least believ'd:  
Know then, I first am pleas'd that Venus ought me  
Such undeserved grace; next that you thought me  
The greatest meed. Nor scepter, nor war's fame,  
Did you prefer before poor Helen's name.  
(Hard heart! 'tis time thou shouldst at last come down)  
Therefore I am your valour, I your crown.  
Your kindness conquers me, do what I can;  
I were hard-hearted not to love this man.  
Obdurate I was never, and yet coy  
To favour him whom I can ne'er enjoy.  
What profits it the barren sands to plough,  
And in the furrows our affections sow?  
In the sweet theft of Venus I am rude,  
And know not how my husband to delude.

Now I these love-lines write, my pen, I vow,  
 Is a new office taught, not known till now.  
 Happy are they that in this trade have skill;  
 Alas! I am a fool, and shall be still;  
 And having till this hour not stept astray,  
 Fear in these sports lest I should miss my way.  
 The fear (no doubt) is greater than the blame,  
 I stand confounded, and amaz'd with shame;  
 And with the very thought of what you seek,  
 Think every eye fix'd on my guilty cheek.  
 Nor are these suppositions merely vain,  
 The murmuring people whisperingly complain;  
 And my maid *Æthra* hath, by list'ning slyly,  
 Brought me such news, as touch'd mine honour highly,  
 Wherefore (dear lord) dissemble or desist;  
 Being over-ey'd, we cannot as we list  
 Fashion our sports, our love's pure harvest gather;  
 But why should you desist? Dissemble rather.  
 Sport, but in secret; sport where none may see:  
 The greater, but not greatest liberty  
 Is limited to your lascivious play,  
 That Menelaus is far hence away.  
 My husband about great affairs is posted,  
 Leaving his royal guest securely hosted;  
 His business was important and material,  
 Being employ'd about a crown imperial.  
 And as he now is mounted on his steed,  
 Ready on his long journey to proceed:  
 Even as he questions to depart or stay,  
 Sweet heart (quoth I) Oh! be not long away.  
 With that he reach'd me a sweet parting kiss,  
 (How loth he was to leave me, guess by this :)  
 Farewel, fair wife (saith he) bend all thy cares  
 To my domestic business, home-affairs;

But as the thing that I affection best,  
 Sweet wife, look well unto my Trojan guest.  
 It was no sooner out, but with much pain  
 My itching spleen from laughter I restrain;  
 Which striving to keep in, and bridle still,  
 At length I rung forth these few words (*I will.*)  
 He's on his journey to the isle of Crete,  
 But think not we may therefore safely meet:  
 He is so absent, that as present I  
 Am still within his reach, his ear, his eye;  
 And tho' abroad, his power at home commands,  
 For know you not kings have long-reaching hands?  
 The same for beauty you besides have given me,  
 Into a great exigent hath driven me.  
 The more your commendation fill'd his ear,  
 The more just cause my husband hath to fear;  
 Nor marvel you the king hath left me so,  
 Into remote and foreign climes to go:  
 Much confidence he dares repose in me,  
 My carriage, haviour, and my modesty;  
 My beauty he mistrusts, my heart relies in;  
 My face he fears, my chaste life he affies in.

To take time now when time is, you persuade me,  
 And with his apt fit absence you invade me:  
 I would but fear, nor is my mind well set;  
 My will would further what my fear doth let.  
 I have no husband here, and you no wife;  
 I love your shape, you mine, dear as your life.  
 The night seems long to such as sleep alone,  
 Our letters meet to interchange our moan.  
 You judge me beauteous, I esteem you fair,  
 Under one roof we lovers lodged are.



And (let me die) but every thing consider,  
Each thing persuades us we shall lie together.  
Nothing we see molests us, nought we hear,  
And yet my forward will is slack thro' fear.  
I would to God, that what you ill persuade,  
You could as well compel; so I were made  
Unwilling willing, pleasingly abus'd,  
So my simplicity might be excus'd.  
Injury's force is oft-times wond'rous pleasing,  
To such as suffer ease in their diseasing;  
If what I will, you 'gainst my will should do,  
I with such force could be well pleased too.

But whilst our love is young and in the bud,  
Suffer his infant vigour be withstood:  
A flame new kindled is as easily quench'd,  
And sudden sparks in little drops are drench'd.  
A traveller's love is, like himself, untay'd,  
And wanders where he walks; it is not laid  
On any firmer ground; for when we alone  
Think him to us, the wind blows fair, he's gone.  
Witness Hypsipile, alike betray'd;  
Witness with her the bright Mynoyan maid:  
Nay then yourself, as you yourself have spoken,  
To fair Oenone have your promise broken.  
Since I beheld your face first, my desire  
Hath been, of Trojan Paris to enquire.  
I know you now in every true respect,  
I'll grant you thus much then, say you affect  
Me (whom you term your own.) I'll go thus far;  
Do not the Phrygian mariners prepare  
Their sails and oars, ev'n now whilst we recite  
Exchange of words about the wished night?

Say that even now you were prepar'd to climb  
My long-wish'd bed, just at th'appointed time  
The wind should alter, and blow fair for Troy,  
You must break off, in midst of all your joy,  
And leave me in the infancy of pleasure;  
Amid my riches, I shall lose my treasure.  
You will forsake the sweets my bed affords,  
T' exchange for cabins, hatches and pitch'd boards.  
Then what a fickle courtship you commence,  
When, with the first wind, all your love blows hence?  
But shall I follow you when you are gone,  
And be the grandchild to Laomedon!  
And Ilium see, whose beauty you proclaim?  
I do not so despise the bruit of fame,  
That she to whom I am indebt such thanks,  
Should fill the earth with such adulterate pranks.  
What will Achaia? What will Sparta say?  
What will your Troy report, and Asia?  
What my old Priam, or his reverend queen?  
What may your sisters, having Helen seen,  
Or your Dardanian brothers deem of me?  
Will they not blame my loose in chastity?  
Nay, how can you yourself faithful deem me,  
And not amongst the loosest dames esteem me?  
No stranger shall your Asian ports come near,  
But he shall fill your guilty soul with fear.  
How often, angry at some small offence,  
Will you thus say; adult'refs, get thee hence?  
Forgetting you yourself have been the chief  
In my transgression, tho' not in my grief.  
Consider what it is, forgetful lover,  
To be sin's author, and sin's sharp reprover.

But ere the least of all these ills betide me,  
I wish the earth may in her bosom hide me.

But I shall all your Phrygian wealth possess,  
And more than your epistle can express :  
Gifts, woven gold, imbroidery, rich attire,  
Purple and plate, or what I can desire.  
Yet give me leave, think you all this extends  
To countervail the loss of my chief friends?  
Whose friendship, or whose aid shall I employ  
To succour me, when I am wrong'd in Troy?  
Or whether can I, having thus misdona,  
Unto my father, or my brothers run?  
As much as you to me, false Jason swore  
Unto Medea, yet from Æson's door  
He after did exile her. Now, poor heart,  
Where is thy father that should take thy part?  
Old Ætes or Calciope? thou took'st  
No aid from them, whom thou before forsook'st.  
Or say thou didst (alas! they cannot hear  
Thy sad complaints) yet I no such thing fear;  
No more Medea did: good hopes engage  
Themselves so far, they fail in their presage.  
You see the ships that in the main are to's'd,  
And many times by tempests wreck'd and lost,  
Had, at their launching from the haven's mouth,  
A smooth sea, and a calm gale from the south.  
Besides, the brand your mother dreamt she bare,  
The night before your birth, breeds me fresh care.  
It prophesy'd, ere many years expire,  
Inflam'd Troy must burn with Greekish fire.  
As Venus favours you, because she gain'd  
A doubtful prize by you; yet the disdain'd

And vanquish'd goddesses, disgrac'd so late,  
 May bear you hard ; I therefore fear their hate.  
 Nor make no question, but if I consort you,  
 And for a ravisher our Greece report you ;  
 War will be wag'd with Troy, and you shall rue  
 The sword (alas !) your conquest shall pursue.  
 When Hypodamia, at her bridal feast,  
 Was rudely ravish'd by her Centaur guest ;  
 Because the salvages the bride durst seize,  
 War grew betwixt them and the Lapythes.  
 Or think you Menelaus hath no spleen ?  
 Or that he hath not power to avenge his teen ?  
 Or that old Tyndarus this wrong can smother ?  
 Or the two famous twins each lov'd of other ?

So where your valour and rare deeds you boast,  
 And warlike spirits in which you triumph'd most ;  
 By which you have attain'd 'mongst soldiers grace,  
 None will believe you, that but sees your face.  
 Your feature, and fair shape, is fitter far  
 For amorous courtships, than remorseless war.  
 Let rough-hew'd soldiers warlike dangers prove,  
 'Tis pity Paris should do ought save love.  
 Hector (whom you so praise) for you may fight ;  
 I'll find you war to skirmish every night,  
 Which shall become you better. Were I wise,  
 And bold withal, I might obtain the prize :  
 In such sweet single combats, hand to hand,  
 'Gainst which no woman that is wise will stand.  
 My champion I'll encounter breast to breast,  
 Tho' I were sure to fall, and be o'erprest.

If that you private conference intreat me,  
 I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me : .

I know the meaning, durst I yield thereto,  
 Of what you would confer, what you would do.  
 You are too forward, you too far would wade;  
 But yet (God knows) your harvest's in the blade.  
 My tired pen shall here its labour end,  
 A guilty sense in thievish lines I send.  
 Speak next when your occasion best persuades,  
 By Clymene and Æthra my two maids.

*The passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Live with me, and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasure prove,  
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
 And all the craggy mountains yield.  
 There will we sit upon the rocks,  
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
 By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
 There will I make thee beds of roses,  
 With a thousand fragrant posies;  
 A cap of flowers, and a girdle  
 Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;  
 A gown made of the finest wool,  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
 Fur lined slippers for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold;  
 A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 With coral clasps, and amber studs.  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.  
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
 For thy delight each May morning.



If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

*The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.*

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue;  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.  
Time drives the flock from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.  
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield:  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.  
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,  
Thy cap, thy girdle, and thy posies;  
Some break, some wither, some forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.  
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds;  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.  
But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date and age no need;  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

*Another of the same Nature.*

Come live with me, and be my dear,  
And we will revel all the year.

In plains and groves, on hills and dales,  
 Where fragrant air breathes sweetest gales.  
 There shall you have the beauteous pine,  
 The cedar, and the spreading vine,  
 And all the woods to be a skreen,  
 Lest Phœbus kiss my summer's queen.  
 The seat of your disport shall be,  
 Over some river, in a tree;  
 Where silver sands and pebbles sing  
 Eternal ditties to the spring.  
 There you shall see the nymphs at play,  
 And how the satyrs spend the day:  
 The fishes gliding on the sands,  
 Offering their bellies to your hands;  
 The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,  
 Possess woods echoes with sweet notes;  
 Which to your senses will impart  
 A musick to inflame the heart.  
 Upon the bare and leafless oak,  
 The ring-doves wooings will provoke.  
 A colder blood than you possess,  
 To play with me, and do no less.  
 In bowers of laurel trimly dight,  
 We will outwear the silent night,  
 While Flora busy is to spread  
 Her richest treasure on our bed.  
 The glow-worms shall on you attend,  
 And all their sparkling lights shall spend;  
 All to adorn and beautify  
 Your lodging with most majesty:  
 Then in my arms will I inclose  
 Lilies fair mixture with the rose;  
 Whose nice perfections in love's play,  
 Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we pass the welcome night,  
In sportful pleasures and delight,  
The nimble fairies on the grounds  
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.  
If these may serve for to intice,  
Your presence to love's paradise;  
Then come with me, and be my dear,  
And we will strait begin the year.

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Take, O! take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights which do mislead the morn.  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow,  
Are of those that April wears.  
But my poor heart first set free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

---

Let the bird of lowest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad, and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey,  
But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul procurer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle feather'd king.  
Keep the obsequy so strict;  
Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive musick ken,  
Be the death-divining swan.  
Lest the requiem lack his right:  
And thou treble-dated crow,  
That thy fable gender mak'st,  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.  
Here the anthem doth commence,  
Love and constancy is dead,  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence:  
So they loved as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts but in none;  
Number there in love was slain:  
Hearts remote, yet not asunder,  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt thy turtle and his queen,  
But in them it were a wonder.  
So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix sight;  
Either was the other's mine,  
Property was thus appalled,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single natures, double name,  
Neither two nor one was called.  
Reason in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together,

To themselves yet either neither,  
 Simple were so well compounded,  
 That it cried how true a twain  
 Seemeth this concordant one,  
 Love hath reason, reason none,  
 If what parts can so remain.  
 Whereupon it made this threne  
 To the phoenix and the dove,  
 Co-supremes and stars of love,  
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

*Threnes.*

Beauty, truth and rarity,  
 Grace in all simplicity,  
 Hence inclosed, in cynders lie :  
 Death is now the phoenix nest,  
 And the turtle's loyal breast  
 To eternity doth rest ;  
 Leaving no posterity,  
 'Twas not their infirmity,  
 It was married chastity.  
 Truth may seem, but cannot be ;  
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;  
 Truth and beauty buried be.  
 To this urn let those repair,  
 That are either true or fair ;  
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

---

Why should this defart be,  
 For it is unpeopled? No,  
 Tongue I'll hang on every tree,  
 That shall civil sayings show.



Some how brief the life of man  
 Runs his erring pilgrimage,  
 That the stretching of a span  
 Buckles in his sum of age.  
 Some of violated vows  
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend,  
 But upon the fairest boughs,  
 Or at every sentence' end  
 Will I Rosalinda write;  
 Teaching all that read to know,  
 The quintessence of every sprite,  
 Heaven would in little show.  
 Therefore heaven nature charg'd,  
 That one body should be fill'd  
 With all graces wide enlarg'd;  
 Nature presently distill'd  
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
 Cleopatra's majesty;  
 Atalanta's better part,  
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
 Thus Rosalind of many parts,  
 By heavenly synods was devis'd,  
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,  
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.  
 Heaven would these gifts she should have,  
 And I to live and die her slave.

T H E E N D.

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